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Easyriders

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December, 1971
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December, 1971
Volume 1 Number 4

Easyriders

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Below, by Lanny J. Russell

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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Killer weed news and views: Now I don't want any of you to get the wrong opinion of me, merely because I'm devoting most of my column this month to grass — you can take one look at my picture on this page and tell that I'm straight-arrow.

Your slop is private property according to the California Supreme Court. The high court ruled that your right to privacy extended to your trash can on the curb waiting for pickup, and that it could not be searched through by the heat without a search warrant.

Long hair and a beard not just cause for a search, according to the New Jersey Supreme Court. Two dudes were let off recently, after being busted with hash, acid, aminobarbitals, methrobromate and atropine when stopped by a state trooper. The trooper stated that his reason for stopping and searching their vehicle was their apearance — particularly their long hair and beards. The court ruled that long hair and a beard did not necessarily indicate criminal activity.

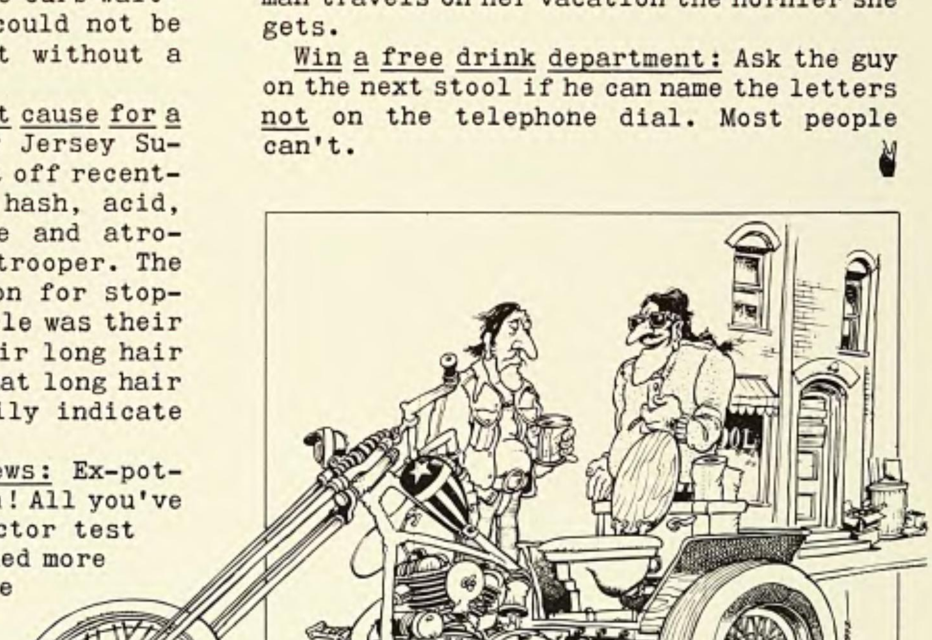
Here's some really good news: Ex-potheads can now become policemen! All you've got to do is take a lie detector test to prove you haven't ever smoked more than 15 joints, or dropped more than 10 pills, and have refrained from such nonsense for the previous twelve months. If you pass the test, you can become a Miami policeman. They didn't say what they do to the guys who fail the test. The enlightened police department did say that they felt drug use was more of a social problem than a legal one.

A perfect example of our fair and equal justice: My stomach was still churning from reading a news item that said some poor slob in Texas got six years — that's s-i-x, six years — for selling a can of grass to an undercover narc, when I got to the financial page and read that a banker was sentenced to three years — only three years — for having defrauded ten banks out of three million, two hundred thousand dollars ($3,200,000)! Excuse me while I barf.

California whips New York in their annual beer-drinking contest. California became the nation's top beer-drinking state in 1970 by guzzling 11,868,580 barrels, to wipe out New York state (the usual winner) by more than 332,537 barrels. That figures out to a per capita consumption of 18.22 gallons!

Four out of five German girls hope for one or more romances while on vacation. That interesting statistic applies to girls between 20 and 35. The four out of five ratio changes to one out of three for women in the 35 to 50 age group. The same Munich psychologist who came up with these figures also stated that the further a woman travels on her vacation the hornier she gets.

Win a free drink department: Ask the guy on the next stool if he can name the letters not on the telephone dial. Most people can't.



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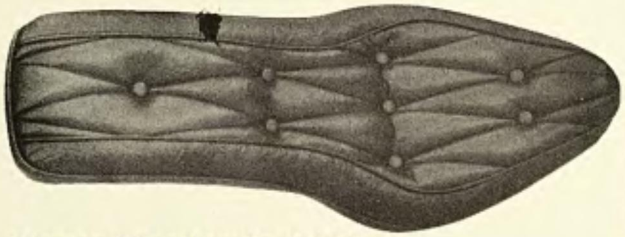

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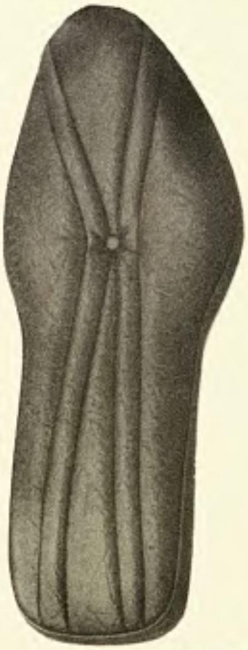
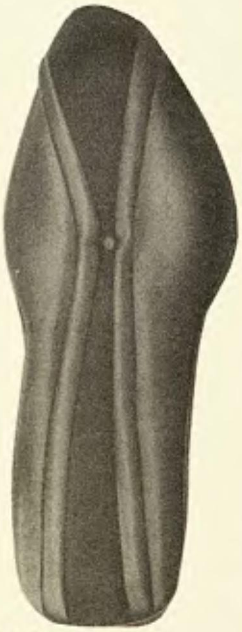
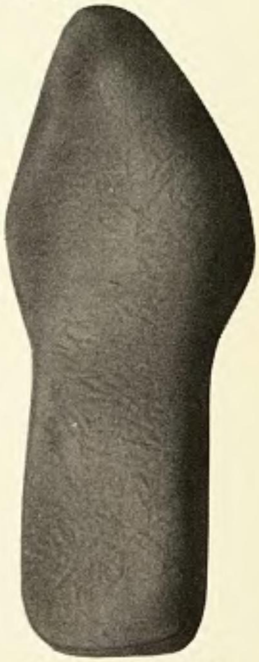




A **Wasp $34.95** **B**



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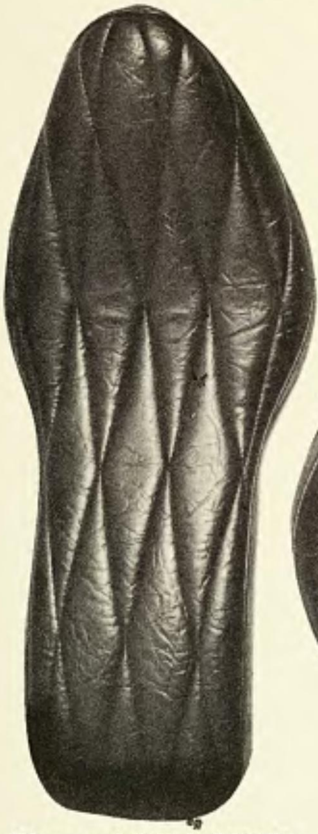

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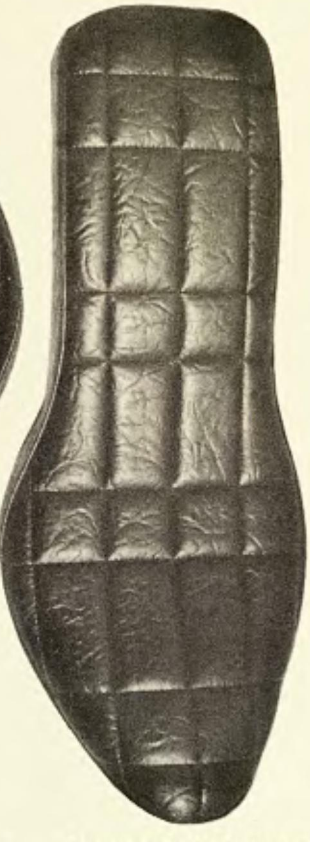

Square Stitch $32.95

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Send money order. Personal checks must clear before we ship. Allow four weeks.

Plain Highback $39.95
(Also available without hump)

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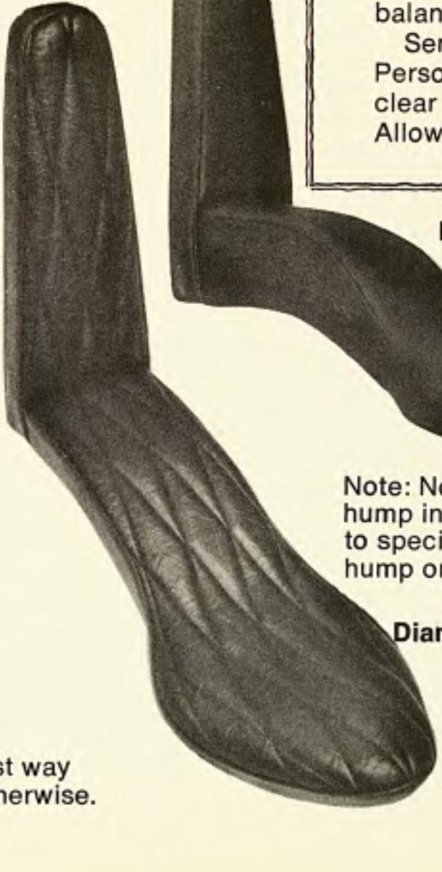

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

What's With Us?

☐ What in hell's the matter with you? I go into a drugstore to buy a decent magazine on bikes and then I look at the pictures and it looks like a damn good magazine, then I get it home and it doesn't tell anything about the bike, it tells about the guy who rides it. Who in hell cares if some guy who rides some chopper goes out and skrews his girls? Damn it, if I want to know about that sort of thing, I'll go out and skrew me my own chick. What don't you guys just stick to showing bikes and not some dirty broad?

Get wise,
Schenectady, N.Y.

■ First off, Mutha resents you calling her a dirty broad. We all assume you meant her, because she's the only dirty broad in this rag. Next, if you select girls the way you select magazines, and screw the way you spell, make out the way you write, then you are a menace and we understand why you didn't dare sign your letter.

She Gets Off

☐ Your magazine is very entertaining — it gets it on in the right places. My old man gets off on the way I get off on your trippy magazine. Thanks for putting a little life into my life.

Chino
Fairfax, Calif.

Pseudo One Percenters

☐ I'm sure you're familiar with the pseudo 1%er, that struts around trying to impress the little old ladies, or whoever it is he is trying to get to, with his cut-off Levi jacket grossness and false "virility." These cats are really a putdown on everybody. I sorta feel for them though, because they're just victims of a lot of phony crap dished out by the cheap media day in and day out.

I hate to see anyone sucked in by phony crap, especially when I have to pay the consequences of having some old fart trying to run me off the road when I'm trying to get some serious jammin' done during a crowded weekend.

I hope your magazine will show everyone that freedom, and the chopper scene, is a truly creative way of life.

P. K.
Albuquerque,
New Mexico

Good Choppers and Good Heads

☐ I really dig the shit out of your magazine—I wish it came out more frequently. I'm just another biker finding my way through Western Michigan University here in Kalamazoo — yes, there is such a city. There are lots of choppers here and a lot of good heads riding them. Later.

Clark Porter
Kalamazoo, Michigan

■ We're making plans right now to go monthly. All we have to do is convince everyone on the staff to do twice as much work. So far we have been able to convince two pretties in the mail room—that's two down (forgive the expression) and only 28 to go.

One-Day-To-Life Sentence

☐ I am a reader of your magazine. I'm able to get it here in the state institution at Pueblo, Colorado. I am a long-time rider of choppers and presently have a '68 shovelhead.

I was busted recently while visiting my grandparents here in Colorado. I was pulled over by the police, and they arrested me for stealing the chopper I was riding. They hauled me in, checked out the bike, and charged me with having nineteen stolen parts on it! They kept the parts and gave me back what remained of my bike. I was sentenced to one-day-to-life for something I didn't do. I didn't know the parts were stolen. How can a person get around buying hot parts — how does he know when a part is stolen?

I have always lived to ride, and I rode to live — my shovel was my whole life. I belong to the Outcasts MC in Reno, Nevada. I rode with them for about two years and I still hold the position of president and warlord.

Skip
President of the
Outcasts
Reno, Nevada

■ Know the person you are dealing with. Keep accurate records and receipts. Pay with check or money order, and cross your fingers. The safest thing to do is to buy from a reputable firm that has been around awhile and, because of that fact, stands a good chance of being around a good while longer.

Oh God, Not Another One!

☐ Pansyriders: Hey, man? If you guys is gonna copy "Colors" you ought to get bikers and better broads in it. Stop trying to make us out as hippys.

Duke
Daytona Beach, Florida

■ Your years of hard riding have replaced your brains with your hemorrhoids.

It's About Time!

☐ I was wondering when someone was going to get off his (her?) ass and do something about the creeping menace of laws being passed by people who know nothing about bikes. The NCCA sounds like just what the doctor ordered—here's my three bucks for a charter membership in NCCA.

Donald Pastor
Warren, Ohio

■ The response has been fantastic — better than we thought possible. See page 36 for enthusiastic reactions to this national association of bikers.

Fried Eggs or Egg Plants?

☐ Did you have to do it? Did you really have to do it? Here I am reasonably happy with my ol' lady, and **whap**, you shove that piece of Greek pastry under my nose. I ask you, how can a guy be happy with a couple of fried eggs, after looking at those yummies of Angela's?

Name withheld
by request
El Paso, Texas

■ As the saying goes, you can only get so much egg in your mouth at one time —so what difference does it make?

Dirty Mind

☐ I think whoever wrote the captions to the Bota Bag article has a dirty, filthy mind.

Pauline Heinline
St. Paul, Minn.

■ I beg your pardon — my mind may be sick, but it's not dirty!

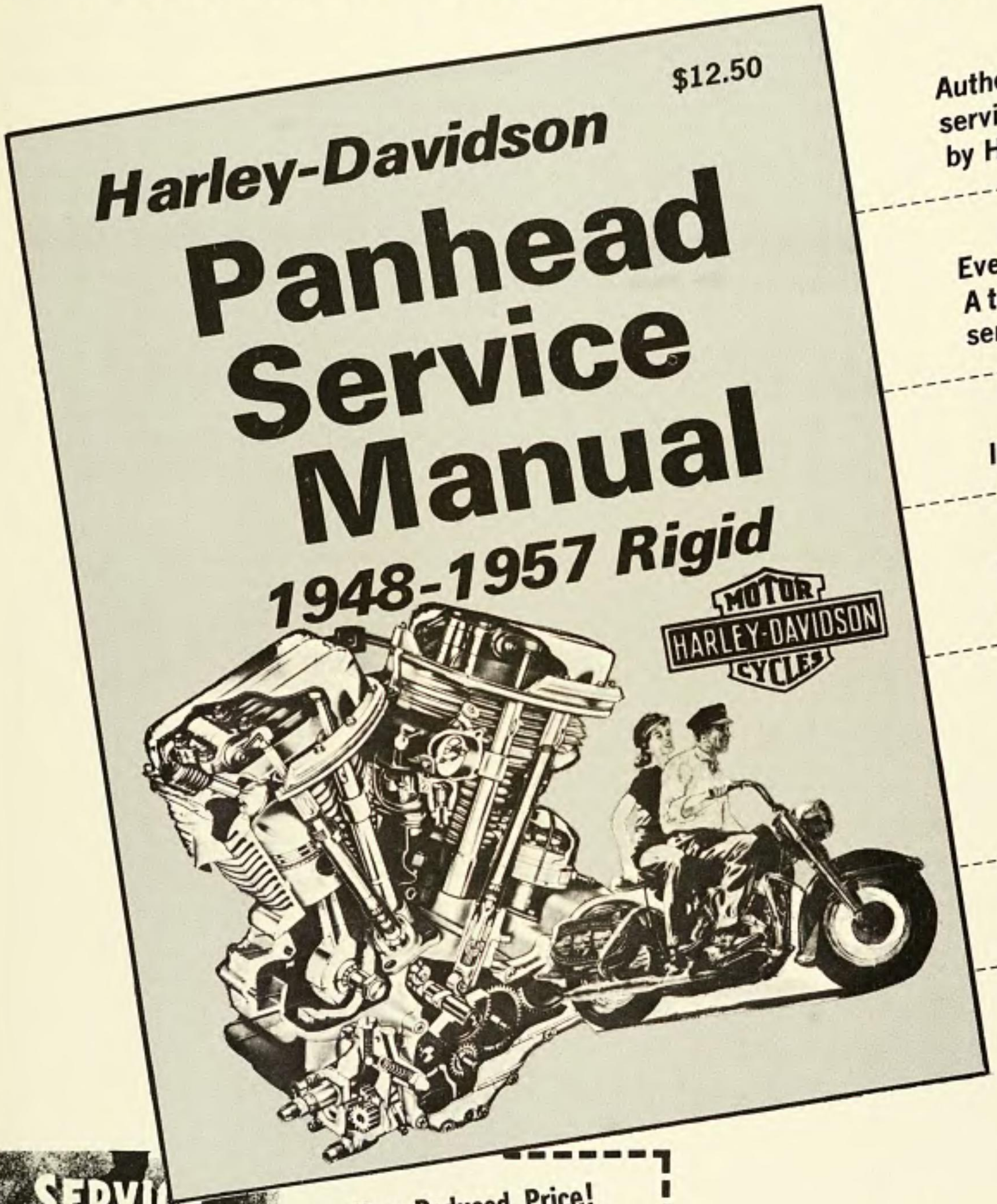
Exclusive Bikes

☐ I thought you cats only featured exclusive choppers — none that had appeared elsewhere. In your October issue, you had a bike that — and I hate to wound you — I had seen in another chopper mag before I got yours. I'm not

—Continued

Have anything to say? Just write the Wordmonger, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Available for the first time!



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"If only I had this book before I started shackin' with my present orangutan!"
-Spider

Contained in this book are actual interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you — *in their very own words* — exactly what it takes to pick them up.

It's easy to handle girls once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you? If the girl of your dreams is a gorgeous stranger you see walking down the street?

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Enclosed is $7.95. Rush me my copy of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away.

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City________ State________ Zip______

shittin' you when I tell you your feature was far superior to theirs.

Jake Jacobson
Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ All we can go on is a guy's word — we're not going to hire a private dick to check him out. All we can do in retaliation is have a good memory — for as the magazine grows and becomes more and more the magazine to be in, we may be in a position sometime, someday, to exercise our memory on those who have crossed us. (We're sorry to say that there were two in that issue that had been photographed by another magazine prior to our photographing them with the complete understanding that they were exclusive to us.) So shit, what else is new?

Digs Manning

□ Dave Manning is without a doubt the greatest. You could almost feel the San Francisco fog and the cool wind that was going to greet the two of them after they finished their (I assume) roach. How about having a contest and giving the painting away?

LeRoy Pattis
Denver, Colorado

■ Are you kiddin'? The painting no sooner came back from the printer than we lagged pennies to see whose office would get it. "Sticky-Penny" Joe won. Maybe we'll do it with one of Dave's future paintings — after I get one for my office (I'm going to borrow some of Joe's toe-jam to make my penny sticky the next go-around).

Smiley Has a Friend!

□ When I saw that picture of Smiley, your bookkeeper, I quickly recognized him. He and I used to putt the streets of Chicago together. Tell me, does he still do the stimulants scene?

Jerry Mooshool
Chicago, Illinois

■ Smiley? Take uppers? Not the horny old geezer I know. He's uptight all the time—and I mean up. We think he needs to get laid, but his plumbing is probably all rusted and plugged up, and we're afraid to sic a broad on him. He is saving the pennies that are coming in, and Spider has promised for a pinch to put him next to his mother's connection.

Note: $10,000 Contest name winner will be announced in next issue along with complete details about the contest.

Dirty Old Men Need Lovin' Too!

□ I want to tell you one thing that would make your magazine the biggest thing ever to happen. That is to run a Miss Easyriders contest and print all the girls' names, addresses, phone numbers, ages, height, weight, birth dates, measurements, color of hair, color of eyes, and their hobbies. I know all the guys I ride with would eat it up!

Kool Breeze, Sr.
Dayton, Ohio

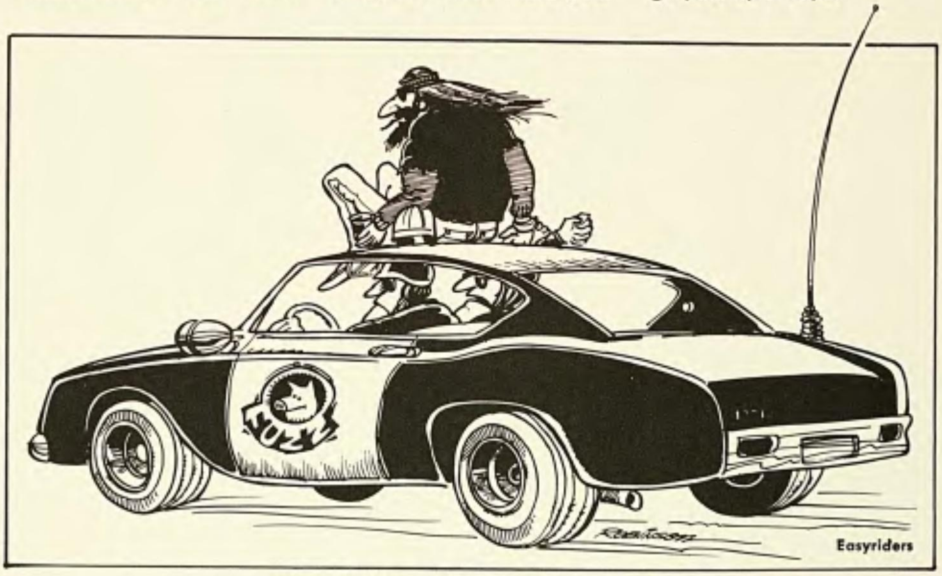
■ Didn't you forget something? Wouldn't you want to know if they're AC-DC?

Dumb Title

□ What a dumb title for a correspondence column. Couldn't you have come up with something better than that "Wordmonger" bit?

Jim Nelison
Woodbridge, Va.

■ You mean something like the old trustworthy "Letters to the Editor," or something cute like "Reader Raps," "Readers Write," "Reader's Mail Box," or maybe something simple like "Letters," "Correspondence," or "Mail Box"? No, we did it the hard way. We invested in a half-gallon of Red Mountain, gave it to Dog Breath, along with a felt marking pencil (so he couldn't hurt himself), and locked him in a room and told him he couldn't come out until he had a title for the letters column. He respectfully requests that you go piss up a rope.



"How the hell are you going to explain to the chief that he wouldn't ride with us any other way?"

RIP OFFS ENDED: A PLAN

Would-be ripoff artist (A) Fondles Bike (B), activating finely tuned vibration-sensing device (C), sending radio bleep (D) to mad Cossack (E) hidden in bush nearby, causing Cossack to leap about brandishing sword (F). Sword cuts wire (G) on birdcage (H), releasing pigeon (I), which immediately homes to nearby conning tower (J), alerting standby stunt pilot (K), who buzzes area, scaring turkey (L). Turkey knocks over pillar (M) onto cockroach (N), making squishing sound. Squishing sound is only thing which will wake up hypnotized gorilla (O). Gorilla, being groggy, mistakes ripoff artist for mate, and chases him to Lithuania (P) (not shown), where they set up a rutabaga ranch which loses money the first five years. Other would-be ripoff artists in area jump off bridge (Q) at the thought of having to run a rutabaga ranch, ending problem.

There's no such thing as 100% protection! (But you can try)

Protect your most valuable possession (your bike, of course) with an **Atlas Chain/Lock** belt.

Forget your fears of your bike being ripped off. Chain it to a tree, a pole, or any stationary object with this hardened 3/8" chain and revolutionary anti-crowbar, circular, hardened steel lock, and then snicker in contentment.

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Check these features:

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I understand that if within 10 days I am not completely satisfied, then my money will be refunded. Personal checks must clear before we will ship. Allow 4 weeks.

Atlas Chain/Lock	**$12.95**
Additional for chrome	**7.50**
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California residents add 5% **Total cost**	**$22.95**

Send Atlas Chain/Lock to:

Name________________

Address________________

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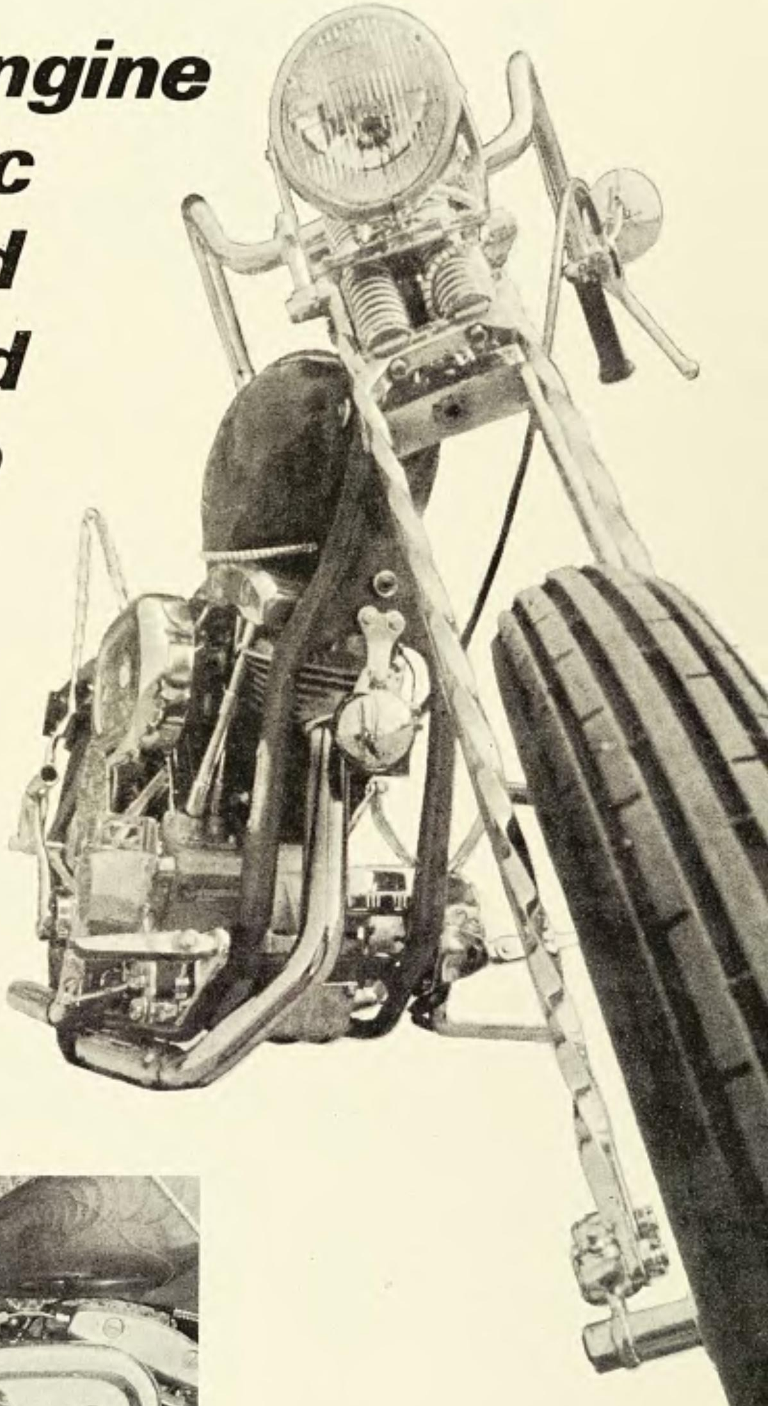
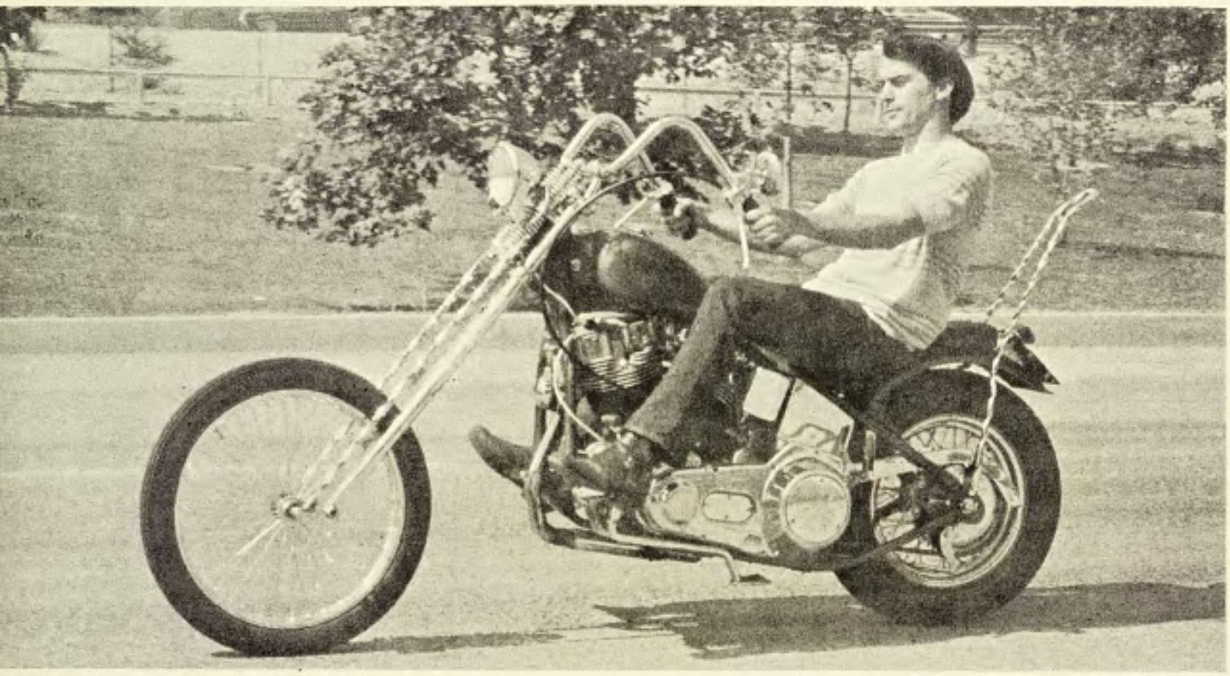
State________________ Zip________

(Please print and be sure to include zip)

Shovelhead engine and an electric starter stuffed into a '52 rigid frame. Before reading the article, try to guess where the owner put the battery!



By *Superhog*



To a purist like me, an electric starter on a chopper is like wearing brown and white saddle oxford shoes while on a run with the Angels.

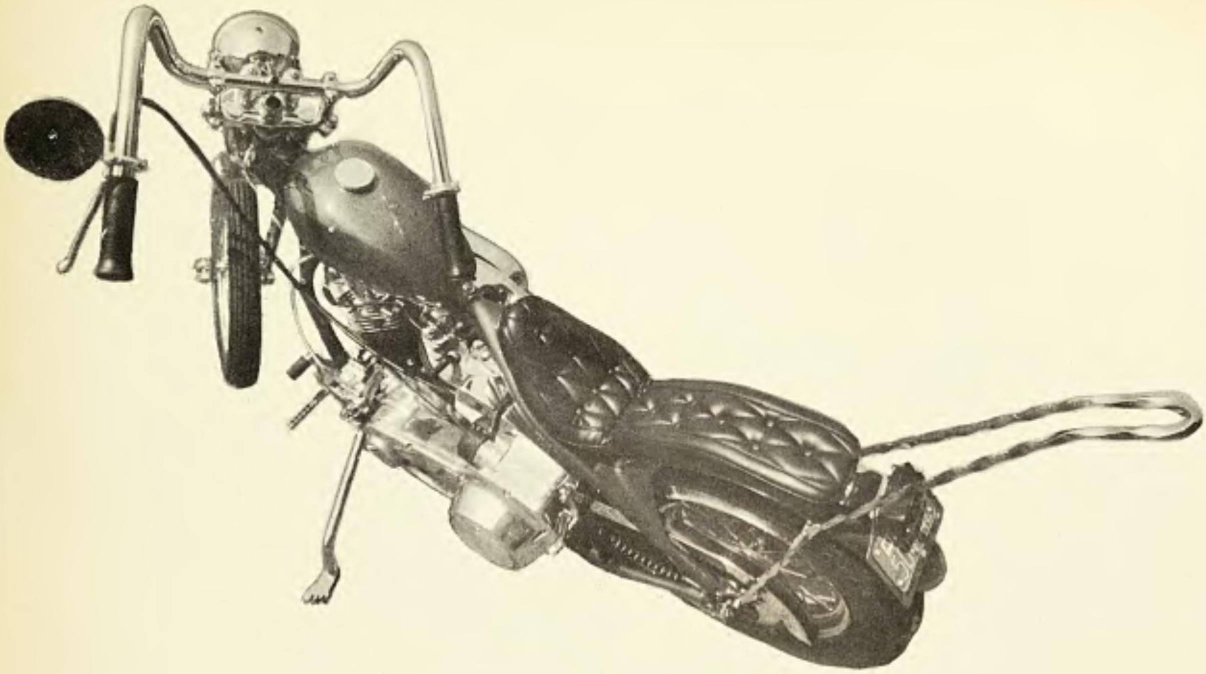
There is an overall masculine mystique about the Harley chopper. A part of that mystique is the physical power represented by the biker when he goes through the ritual of starting his bike. There's something about a guy jumping on a starter pedal, two, three, four times or more, with all his weight. His determined expression, his anger when the engine is obstinate, his—what it appears to be to a straight—mumbo-jumbo of passing his hand over the side of the engine every now and then, but which is actually the adjustment of the carburetor and/or spark. It's all part of that certain something that turns people on or simply fascinates them.

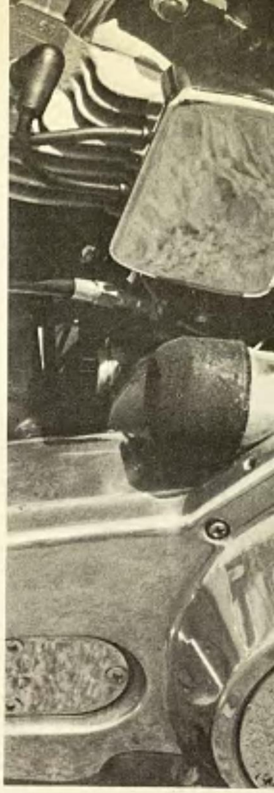
But that part of the chopper's overall indefinable appeal may be disappearing, as more and more chopper owners are switching over to electric starters—from huffing and puffing and sometimes cussing—to the simple pressing of a button, followed by a sound similar to that of a Datsun car starter.

Even though I have my prejudiced feelings, there must be something to the starter's appeal, because every chopper owner I've spoken to, who has an electric starter, swears by it—would never go back to the old pedal start. As an example, Dan Martin, the owner of the chopper featured here, put it this way: "The electric start is the only way to go —get started."

He, of course, had to be sold on the starter, because he had one helluva time trying to stuff a shovelhead engine, **and** a battery large enough to turn the engine over, into a 1952 rigid frame. As a matter of fact, he couldn't do it—couldn't, that is, until he put the battery inside the oil tank!

Yes, you read it right—he put a Super





Owner: Dan Martin

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year & make: 1971 H-D

Model: FX

Value: $3000

Time: seven months

Assembly: owner

Chroming: B.M. polishing

Engine

Year: 1971

Model: Shovelhead

Builder: H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Cam: stock

Lifters: hydraulic

Carb(s): Bendix

Shifter: foot

Pipes: drag type

Mufflers: Superior

Stacks:

Wheels

Front: 21 in. Rear: 16 in.

Frame

Year: 1952

Rake: none

Rear susp.: rigid

Bars: pullbacks

Tank: peanut

Seat: Cobra

Material: naugahyde

Sissy Bar: 32″ twist by owner

Forks

Type: narrow springer

Extension: 12 in.

Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: owner

Painting: John Capello

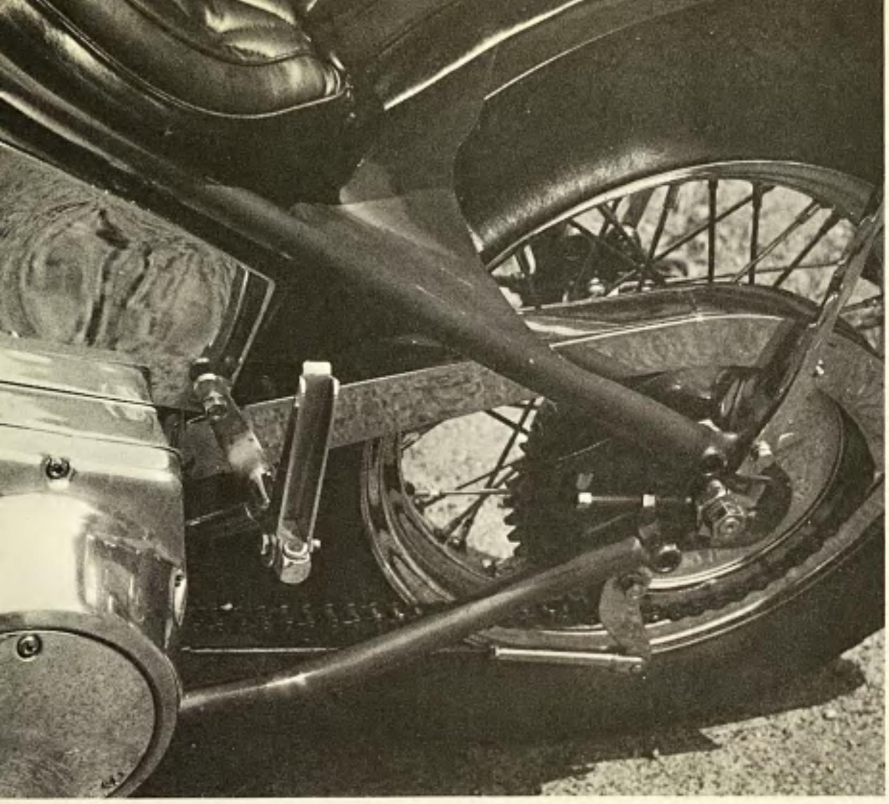
Color: red

Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 2.75 x 21

Rear: 5.10 x 16



Glide battery inside a specially constructed oil tank, made from .074 sheet metal. As far as Dan was concerned, once he got past the battery problem, the balance of the job of building the chopper was a breeze.

When asked what he liked about riding, he said, "I have so many reasons, it would take me a while to think of all of them, but off the top of my head I'd say there is no feeling like getting your face into the wind." He grinned and added, "And pickin' the bugs out of your teeth!"

Photos by Mighty Mil

HOTEL
50¢
OPEN 5AM
TAVERN
VD
Robinson

STRAIGHT FACTS ABOUT HARLEY'S I.D. NUMBERING AND CODING SYSTEMS!

By Dog Breath

Facts that even your local cop may not know!

Only a person who has had his chopper ripped off can fully appreciate the sick, helpless, frustrated, empty feeling one gets when discovering his bike is gone.

Having had mine ripped off, I speak from experience. After the first shock of discovering it had been stolen, you are hit again—right square in the balls—when the police tell you there is nothing they can do, that "it was probably dismantled before they reached their destination."

Not only have you lost your bike, but you have nothing to cling to—no hope that it just might be picked up, nothing to make the pain easier—it's gone, and you might as well forget about it. Bang. It's gone—and you're sick.

So what can we do? Well, first off, make it as difficult as hell for your bike to be stolen. Then take the profit out of stealing by not knowingly buying hot parts.

This article will tell you how to spot the altering of engine numbers. It will show you how to read them (including factory coding), so that you can check a bike out before buying—especially from a private party. It might even be a good idea to check your own bike out to see if your numbers are in order.

The Vehicle Identification Number (VIN), or engine number, is on the left side of your Harley engine, slightly below the cylinders on a raised flat surface (engine boss).

Up until the 1970 model year, Harley was the only bike registered by engine number rather than by frame number. Starting with the 1970 model year, Harley started putting the same number on engine **and** frame.

How To Read Numbers

All Harleys produced prior to the 1970 model year have only an engine registration number. See chart for a visual breakdown of the following information:

The first two numbers indicate model year of engine.

The next set of one or more alphabetical letters indicate type of engine and/or cubic displacement at time engine was manufactured.

W-WL-WLD	45 cu. in. side valve
K, KRM	45 cu. in side valve—1952-53
G, GA	45 cu. in. 3-wheel servi-car
KH, KHK, KHRM	55 cu. in. side valve—1954-56
XL, XLH, XLCH	55 cu. in. overhead valve, Sportster since 1957
E, EL	61 cu. in. overhead valve
U, UL	74 cu. in. side valve
F, FL	74 cu. in. overhead valve since 1948
FLH	74 cu. in. overhead valve since 1955
UH, ULH	80 cu. in. side valve
S	125cc single cylinder—1948-52
ST	165cc single cylinder since 1953
B	125cc single cylinder since 1955

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The last four digits are the engine production number. (Note: Factory coding started with 1962 model year; first digit of production number will be even for even number years, and odd for odd number years.)

Numbers for 1970 Forward

Commencing with 1970 model year, all Harleys have same engine and frame numbers. These numbers are different from earlier numbers: (See chart)

The first two digits indicate the model.

The next five digits are the production number. Numbering started on all models at number 10000. (Note factory coding: First **two** digits of production number are even for even number years, and odd for odd number years.)

The next to last digit indicates manufacturer (Harley).

The last digit indicates model year. Example, 0 is 1970, 1 is 1971.

The following is what first two digits indicate:

Digits	Meaning	Digits	Meaning
1A	FLP, FLPF	6A	Sprint SS
2A	FLH, FLHF	7A	MLS-125
3A	XLH	8A	M-65S
4A	XLCH	7B	ERS
5A	GE	8B	MSR

Crankcase Numbers

In addition to engine and frame numbers, there are also numbers on the bottom of both halves of the engine crankcase. They are located on the outside edge, near the front of each half. This is a good place to check, for even if the burn artist lucks out and does a passable job of changing engine numbers, odds are he'll overlook these seldom-mentioned numbers. (See chart)

The crankcase number consists of three digits, a dash, followed by four digits.

The first digit is a code number:

Code Number	Meaning
1	61 cu. in. E or EL model, and 74 cu. in. FL and FLH models.
2	125cc S model and 165cc ST and STU models.
3	45 cu. in. W, WL, WLD, G and GA models.
4	74 cu. in. and 80 cu. in. V, UL, VH, and VLH models.
5	45 cu. in. and 55 cu. in. K, KRM, KH, KHK, and KHRM models.
6	125cc B model.
7	55 cu. in. Sportster XL, XLH, XLC, and XLCH models.

The next two digits are year crankcase was produced. This number will usually be one year earlier than year stamped on engine, due to Harley's pre-stamping cases in advance of anticipated needs. If all cases stamped are not used before end of model year, they are used in next year's model! This screw-up applies only to crankcase.

The figures following the dash are the crankcase production number. This number will **not** correspond with engine production number. Be sure to keep these two discrepancies in mind, in case you are ever checked out by the heat and they are not aware that model year and production number on the case will not match engine numbers.

Fork and Transmission Numbers

Additional identifying numbers have been assigned all of Harley's two-cylinder bikes since their 1962 model year. These numbers are stamped on the frame, front forks and, with the exception of the Sportster models, on the transmission.

These numbers will normally consist of an alpha character followed by three or four digits.

The following alpha prefixes will apply to the XL and FL series. Unfortunately there are deviations from this list—so the following must be used only as a guide.

Numbers starting with this alpha letter	Generally apply to these years on FL and XL series
A and B	1962-3
B, C, and D	1964
C and D	1965
D, E, F, and G	1966-67
J, K, and L	1969
K and L	1970

Screwed-up Records

All Harley assembly records prior to 1958 have been destroyed. Coupled with this, Harley sold replacement crankcases and engines until late 1969. Needless to say, this really screws things up as far as having any hard and fast rules on any numbers prior to 1969.

Starting in late 1969, Harley will only replace engines, or crank cases, if old cases or portion containing number are turned in to them. Harley will then restamp old number on new case or engine, and bike retains original identity number.

Factory Coding

Harley started coding system with 1962 model year. The first digit of the production number will be even for even number years,

—Continued on page 45

Harley-Davidson Bikes Prior to 1970 Year Models

First two digits indicate the year model of engine.

The letters indicate engine type and/or displacement at time of manufacture. (See article)

Last four digits are unit production number.

Four-digit code:
Starting with 1962 year models First digit in production number will be even for even number years and odd for odd number years.

54FL4200

(Number appears on engine only)

Harley-Davidson Bikes Starting With 1970 Year Models

First two digits indicate model (See article)

Next five digits are unit production number. (All models started numbering at 10000).

Next to last digit indicates manufacturer. (Harley)

The last digit indicates the model year. Example: **0** (1970), **1** (1971), etc.

3A28658H0

(Same number on engine and frame)

Five-digit code:
First **two** digits in production number will be even for even number years and odd for odd number years.

Harley-Davidson Crankcase Numbers (on both halves)

First digit is a code number. (See article for code.)

Next two digits indicate year case was produced. (This number may be different from year on engine. (See article.)

Last four digits are the production number for the case, and will **not** correspond with engine production number.

170-3081

(Number appears on both halves of crankcase)

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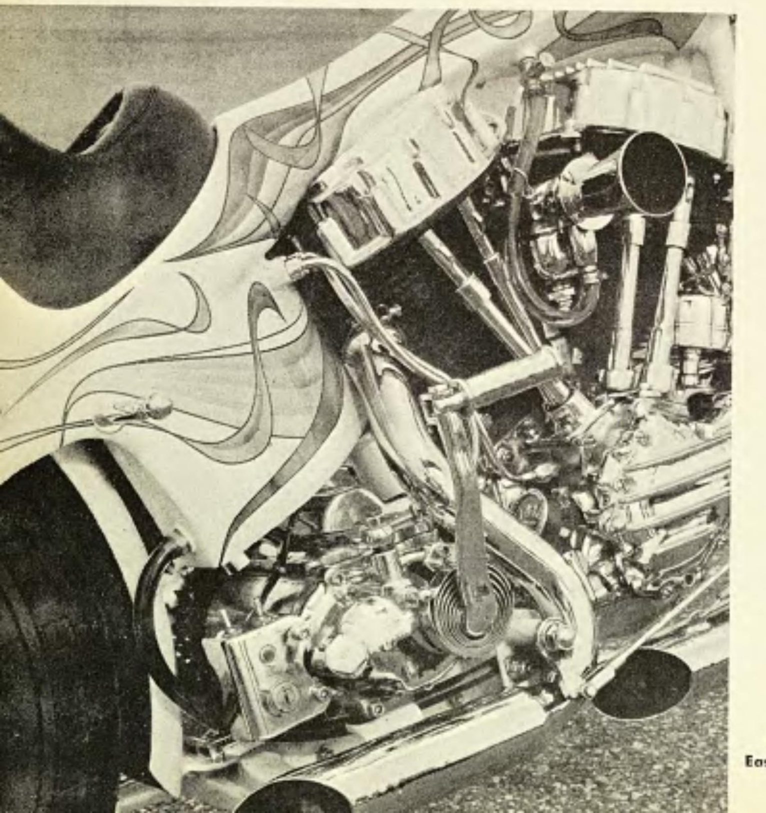
Psycho-Cycle



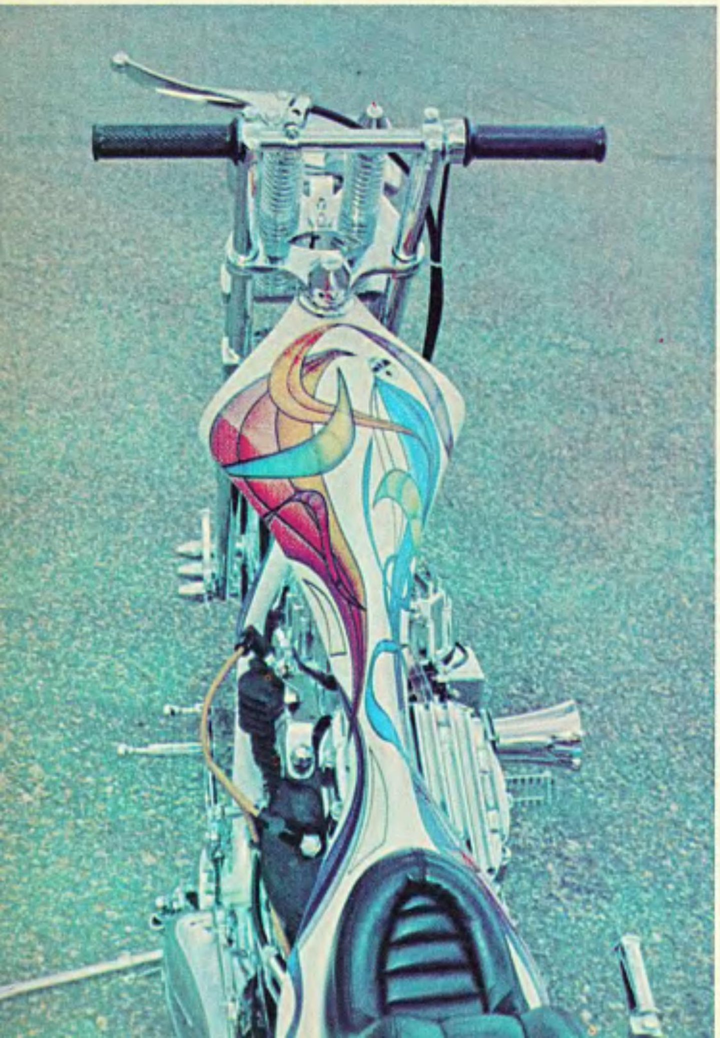
Here is a bike that started as a mere idea on paper, and fifteen months later was voted the best bike in the first show it entered.

As you can see, it's *not* some freaky show-bike creation, and, as you can also see, it *is* a far-out street bike. Burt Greenwalt, the bike's owner, decided at the very beginning to keep it 100% functional and still be able to compete at major bike shows.

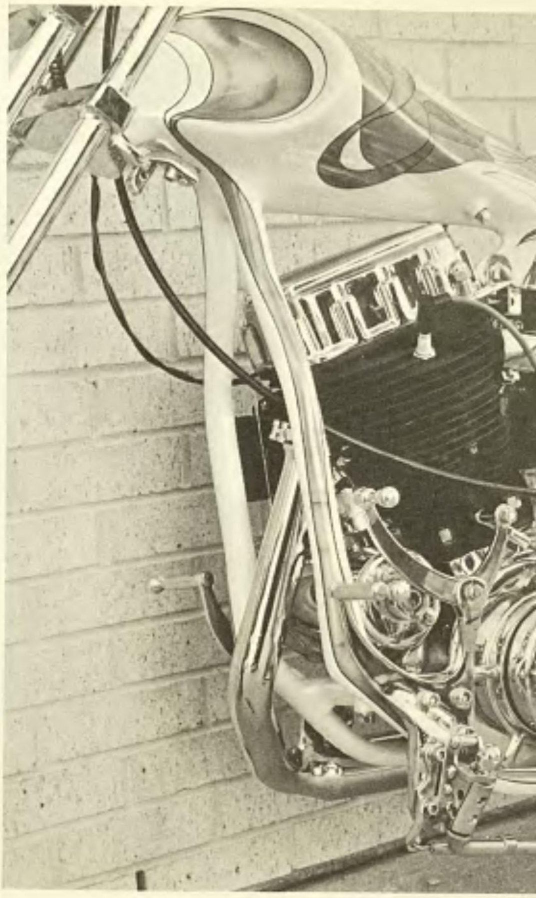
Burt describes the steps he took in creating this super-original chopper:

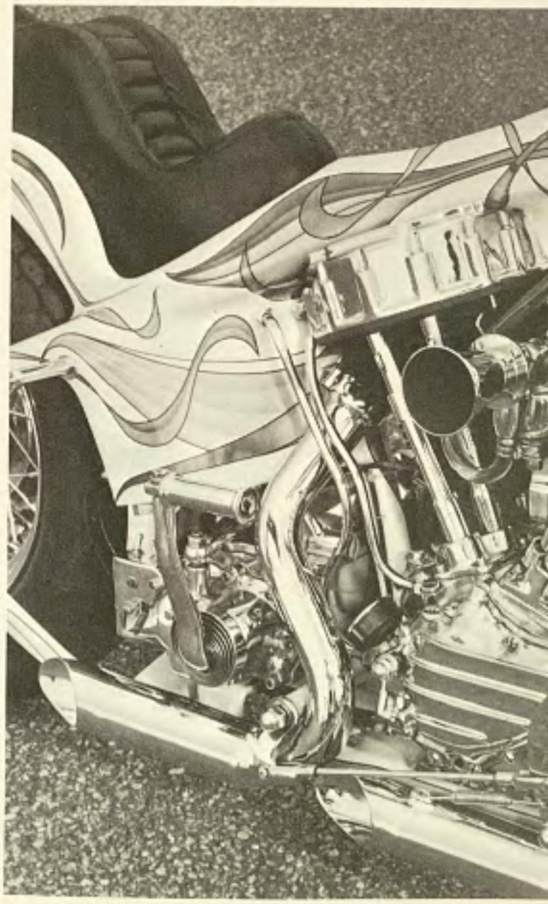
"The first bikes I tried chopping were Triumphs. I built three of them before seeing the light. After digesting all kinds of research material on the Harley, I decided my next bike would be a 74.

"I purchased a 1950 rigid frame and started the designing. It was completely cleaned of anything that wasn't functional. Then all the needed bolt-on items were welded to the



Photography by Lanny J. Russell





frame—thus the frame became one solid unit.

"A wire skeleton outline of the shapes I wanted was made, then covered with cardboard templates. From the templates, sheet metal panels were fabricated and brazed over the wire skeleton.

"After everything was welded and ground smooth, a fiberglas cloth covering was applied to acquire the final smoothness.

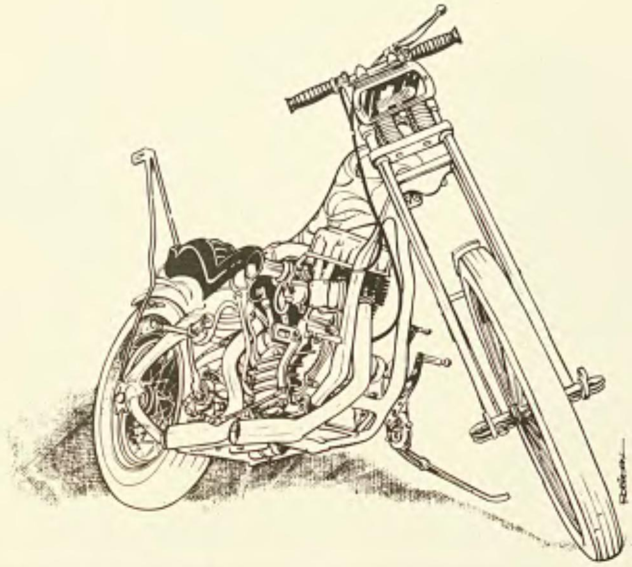
"Upon completion of the frame, I had the 1960 FL engine and transmission overhauled. Then every piece of the engine, except jugs and heads, was chromed by Royal Plating in New Orleans.

"A custom springer, 15 inches over stock, was built by Breaux Machine Works, out of 4130 chrome moly tubing. Before chroming the springer, I had the name *Psycho-Cycle* engraved on a front leg.

"When all the chrome was finished and the seat returned from the upholsterer, I assembled everything for a final check before sending the frame to The Joint for one of their super-heavy paint jobs.

"The bike was reassembled and completed in time to enter it in the 4th Annual World of Wheels Show here in New Orleans. I am happy to say that my 15 months of work and patience paid off by *Psycho-Cycle* winning the show-bike class and being judged the best rig in the show.

"Between shows and during the off season, *Psycho-Cycle* and I are a familiar sight on the streets of New Orleans and the highways of the neighboring states."



Owner: Burt Greenwalt

General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1950
Year & make: 1960 H-D	Rake: none
Model: 74 FL	Rear susp.: rigid
Value: $3500	Bars: drag type
Time: 15 months	Tank: fabricated by owner
Assembly: owner	Seat: king & queen style
Chroming: Royal Chrome Plating	Material: naugahyde
Engine	Sissy Bar: ⅝″ square by owner
Year: 1960	**Forks**
Model: FL	Type: custom springer
Builder: Doc's Harley Shop	Extension: 15 in.
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Builder: Larry Breaux
Cam: stock	**Painting**
Lifters: solid	Molding: owner
Carb(s): Linkert	Painting: The Joint
Shifter: custom foot	Color: pearl base, candy colors
Pipes: drag type	Type: acrylic lacquer
Mufflers: MCM shorty	**Tires**
Stacks:	Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
Wheels	Rear: 5.00 x 16 Beck
Front: steel 21 in. Rear: steel 16 in.	

Big Willy's Revenge

By Louis Bosque

Only a small portion of a weather-beaten roof was visible from the highway, but in spite of this, Willy's pad was easy to find. It had a huge double gate in front of it—the *only* gate in a ten-foot-high chain link fence that stretched along the sea coast highway for miles in either direction from the almost completely hidden house. Attached to the gate, and to the fence at 100-yard intervals, were large yellow and black signs warning:

DANGEROUS!
NO TRESPASSING
THIS PROPERTY IS
CONDEMNED!
by order of
Governor ROBERT C. EVERETT

Reno stared at the sign and sneered. Goddam politicians. They always had their names and titles looking bigger and more important than a headline announcing that the world was going to end in the next five minutes.

Reno and his Booze Fighter friends Jere, Little John, and Tiny Tim had just roared up to the gate, after a long run from the smog-choked city to the fresh, clean air of the ocean. They felt like letting it rip, and were especially turned on with the thought of the good times they were going to have on the other side of the high fence.

Reno moved his bike close to the gate and saw that it was chained and locked. He grabbed the wire of the gate and shook it violently, making gate, chain, lock, and a good portion of the fence rattle loudly. Taking Reno's lead, the others goosed their engines—leaving little doubt that there was someone there, wanting in.

In a few seconds one of Willy's flunkies jogged from the house to the gate. He took one look at the riders and, without a word, quickly unlocked the gate, opened one side of it, let the bikes pass through, and then carefully wrapped the chain around the gate post again, peering up and down the road as he did so. He snapped the heavy padlock through the even heavier chain and jogged back toward the house.

Reno led the other bikers down a steep slope to a flat area, out of sight from the highway, and parked his big 80 next to Willy's car. He turned to the others with a wide grin and yelled over the sound of dying engines, "Don't have to sweat chainin' the bikes here!" He pointed to the ridiculously high fence with its three strands of barbed wire at the top. "The Governor's protectin' us tonight."

Tiny Tim mumbled something about the last time he was protected by the governor, there were gun towers on the fence. This got a good laugh as the gang walked toward the wooden steps that led down an embankment to the front of Willy's pad.

The house sat facing a cliff that dropped sheer to the water that roared and gurgled more than a hundred feet below. And most people would have considered that cliff-edge much too close to the front of the house for comfort—especially since, during the past three years, huge hunks of earth along a seven-mile section of the coast where Willy lived had been sliding and thumping and splashing down into the ocean, so that now what had once been an expansive front lawn had shrunk to a breath-taking few feet.

All property along the seven-mile section had been condemned a short time after the first house went over the edge. Following condemnation, the State had erected that ten-foot fence along the highway to keep people out of the danger area; there was no way of knowing when, or where, the next slides would take place.

Everyone in the condemned area had moved away without resistance, not daring to take a chance of going over the edge some night in their sleep.

Everyone, that is, except Willy.

Willy had fought condemnation and hired a famous law firm to fight his case for him. As a result, he still lived there, long after the others had fled, and planned to keep on living there until every legal maneuver had been exhausted—which could take another year or so.

Fighting eviction, he was the *only* person living on the condemned seven-mile strip of coast. For miles on either side of his property there was nothing but condemned land, shielded from the public by the fence with its ominous signs.

Willy knew he would be forced off his property someday. He was reminded of this fact every time a chunk of his land fell into the sea. He didn't enjoy the thought of taking a hairy ride down that cliff, but he wanted to stay on the property as long as he could; the place was ideal for conducting his business.

Willy was a dealer. A king-size dealer. And there was no way he could improve his current setup. Who ever heard—before—of an operation that ran with what amounted to official state protection?

Creepy, another of Willy's flunkies, broke into an ear-to-ear grin as he recognized Reno coming down the steps toward him. "Reno! How in hell are you!" Reno spotted Creepy at the same moment, and their greetings were almost in unison. "Whatta ya say, Creepy?"

Reno liked Creepy. He was the only one of Willy's flunkies that Reno did like. Creepy seemed to have more brains than the others. Maybe is was because he always kept dope in its place—having a little at party-time but avoiding it when on business. The other flunkies and hangers-on around the place were spaced-out freaks, on a perpetual high.

Creepy held the screen-door open for Reno and his buddies. As Reno walked in, he asked, "How're things goin', Creep?"

—Continued on page 51

Illustration by Jack Hladik

In the Wind

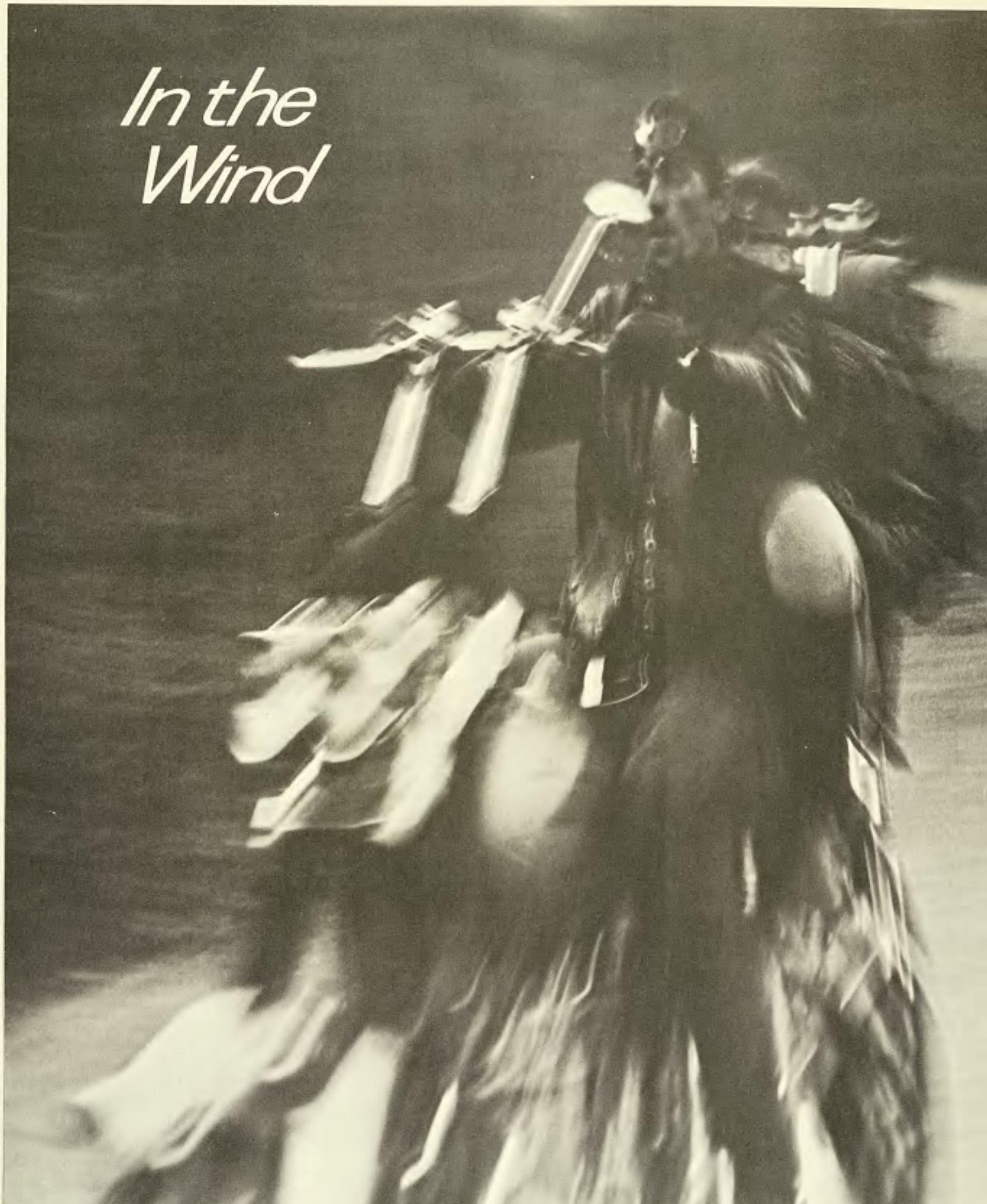


Photo by Wino Joe, Monterey, California

Society Sucks

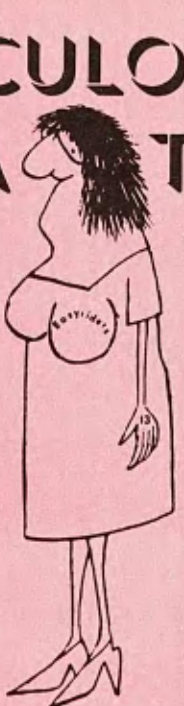
To sit in abstract bliss
astride my leathern seat
In the poor postured pose
of a bike rider
To feel throbbing power
wrought by my hands
My sweat, my blood, my love
into this beautiful brother
of mine
To drift by the victims
of the system, who stare
in blank confusion
To roll up a broken white line
on my front tire
Along ribbons of roads
past envious middleclass
softskinned jellyfish
that are the backbone
of this land
To show them that simply
with no regret
in my poorly educated
drug-dazed
mind
And with scruffy clothes
flowing, unkempt hair
Earthy, thin, brown, grease-scented face
by contortions of my lips
and guttural emittances
of foul obscenities
I'm saying that
I truly and very simply
don't give a fuck
about their society
To ride alone
in the blowing wind
To see
true beauty
To love and be loved
by my own people
To hell with their system
their order
I have my own order
the full free sensation
of rushing wind
Wind
pounding my body
the unmatched
buffeting
joy
of
speed
To laugh at my troubles
To leave responsibility to
those who would have
it
And my motorcycle
long, low, lean
Bright with
glinting sunlight
full of my love
To be banking low
in a long, leaning
fast turn
like dangling on the edge
of a precipice

To pass between cars
with inches to spare
To race the wind
and
win
These are my joys
and this is my life
and as surely as
the sun will
rise tomorrow
it will be
my
Death
to melt back back
into the Earth
that I came from
That one
unseen
hole
One fast
slide
One slightly off-balance
turn
One drunken, dopey
grandstand traffic trick
not carried off
My nerve ends
will tingle
with a short twinge
of fear
And I'll be carried
in seeming slow motion
throttle in hand
to my end
My days come to me as if they
know me
I am at peace with
Life
and at war with
Humanity
I awake in the morning
and attempt to
Eat
I feel it drawing
me outside
My motorcycle
my rash
unyielding
Brother
And I must
go
I must
feel that tremble
Sit on the
seat
Feel the power
in my grasp
And must fly off
again
toward
an
unknown
end . . .

—Mike Preston
San Jose, California

Photo by Wino Joe, Monterey, California

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



Don't Shrivel Up!

My dude spends most of his free time with his bike. I dig bikes, and the more time he spends on it, the better it looks. But he's getting out of hand.

We hardly ever ball anymore. He is a fantastic ball, and I know I'm good—but he's always working on his bike. *Please*, Mutha, what can I do? I don't want him to shrivel up!

C.F.
Braddock, Pa.

● *I've got the same problem, dearie—that is, I hardly ball anymore—with anyone. The postman gives my mail to the dog, Big Boy, to bring to me—even a male whore turned me down the other day. It's getting so bad that I'm beginning to eyeball Big Boy. What can* I *do? I'll think over your problem, and you think over mine. Perhaps we could correspond—have you ever considered switching?*

Now On The Other Hand . . .

I asked my gal for a piece, but she said no, even though she wanted to. I wonder why. Do you think I should try again? If so, how should I go about it the next time?

D.M.
Tullahuma, Tenn.

● *First off, you didn't send me enough information. Did you ask her in front of the police station, or while jumping on a trampoline? It makes a difference. How did you know she wanted to? Did she ram her sticky tongue in your navel, or what? No matter what she did, what's more important is what she* didn't *do. She didn't get pissed, she didn't hit you, and apparently she's still talking to you—so what have you got to lose? But let me give you a secret. It's not necessary to ask—if you've got her to the right point, nature will take its course.*

Don't Do That To Me!

I really have a problem. I'll get my ass kicked if I tell you where I am. But I know that you'll understand, when I tell you it's in Minnesota. What do I do?

Dan Meckel
Somewhere in
Minnesota

● *I live a simple life. I'm reasonably cool, even mind my own business—most of the time. So here I get a letter out of the blue that hangs me up for hours. Being the champ that I am, I'm turning you readers onto it. How would you answer it?*

Cross Country Trip

My buddy and I want to ride our 74s to California and finance the trip by getting odd jobs along the way, but my old man said we would never make it with our long hair, and that we'd be thrown in jail for being bums on bikes. We have four bills, but we would like to save that until we got to California. What's your opinion?

Douglas Moorlehen
Canby, Minnesota

● *California isn't that far away. I know two dudes that rode to Los Angeles from Minneapolis with only one stopover. So even if you stop two or three times to sleep, it wouldn't drain your $400 too much. Long hair on a guy, on a chopper, really does things to some policemen, so you should always be prepared to be hassled—and that means you shouldn't be holding. You should have good ID, draft card, proof of ownership of bike, and be certain your bike numbers are in order. Don't even go close to Colorado, where they still have witch hunts. Long hair may attract a lot of unnecessary hassles, but they can't throw you in jail for it, as long as everything else is in order. (See Spider's column in this issue.) Arizona requires helmets, so you had better check other states you may pass through. It'll take guts to make a trip through redneck states—but goddammit it's still (as of this writing) a free country!*

Wild Job?

Your job must really be wild, reading all those freaky letters. Anyone that has to exhibit his stupidity by asking if he can get clap of the mouth sounds like a fag trying to go straight.

Or that dude that can't get his ol' lady (wife or mother?) to take the pill. What a crybaby. If he's so worried, why doesn't he get himself spayed?

I've been a biker for ten years, and most of the guys I ride and sip with have more sense than to write the crap people write you.

L. Norman
Whitefish, Montana

● *Oh man, loosen up, have fun, take it easy, enjoy life—and get screwed.*

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Why You Need 21 Inches

The 21" front wheel is fairly well accepted as being the normal size used on a chopper. Although 16s, 17s, 18s, and 19s have become more popular in the past couple of years, the 21 is still without a doubt the most commonly used size. The increasing popularity of the smaller sizes, especially the 17", can be credited to the fact that a large number of chopper suppliers have been selling a cheaply made 17" imported spool wheel at a very low price (most of them belong in the junk pile).

There are many good reasons for running the 21 up front. Originally, the idea was to be able to run a skinny front wheel and tire and still have enough ground clearance to turn corners. This, of course, was before the advent of extended front ends—and the 3.00 x 21 tire is almost exactly the same diameter as a 5.00 x 16. So what you ended up with was a chopper that sat level but had a cooler looking front end.

Needless to say, with today's 6" to 20" over stock front ends, ground clearance isn't a problem, but there are other features of a 21 that are a definite advantage. The most important of these is the axle height; again, since the 21 and the 16 are of the same overall diameter, the axle will be the same distance from the ground. With a smaller front wheel, the axle drops closer to the ground and the weight of the bike has more of a tendency to ride over the top of the wheel when you're trying to stop or turn. In other words, endos and highsiding. Not that either of these will ever happen; it's just that the tendency and feeling are more and more noticeable in the handling as the front axle drops lower in relation to the rear axle.

Something that **is** likely to happen is "fold under." (You probably never heard of fold under—and for good reason: I just made it up. Endos and highside are common terms in racing for two things that happen quite often; fold under is something created by small front wheels and is not seen too often in racing, simply because small wheels aren't used.) Fold under occurs when some ass in a white '60 Falcon pulls out in front of you when you're puttin' down the road without a care in the world—you hit the brakes, lean the bike to the left and lay it down in a slide—the nosepicker goes on his way, and you want to bring it back up so you don't continue to slide into oncoming traffic in the next lane. Well, here is where you learn about fold under: the smaller the front wheel, the harder it will be to pull it back up off the fork stop, and if you're running a skinny 17 you might as well forget it. Here's something to think about: when you're sliding to the right with your wheel locked to the left, and you're leaned over so far that the portion of your front wheel touching the ground is over halfway past the center of the axle, **your front wheel will be running backwards.** If you don't believe it, grab your kid's Stingray bike and try it. There are other factors involved also, but I think you get the point.

Other, less important, features of a 21 include increased mileage — there's more of it, so it goes farther. Because it is larger in diameter, it turns fewer revolutions to go the same distance, so your wheel bearings last longer. Ride is improved, because of the more gradual curvature of the larger diameter; in other words, it will meet and roll gently over the same bump in the road that a smaller wheel would slam into— it will also roll over the hole in the road that the smaller will fall into. This will hold true no matter how big or small the hole or bump may be: the 21 will ride better, comparatively speaking.

If you really dig the looks of a small wheel and there's no way you're going to be happy without one—well, shit, brother, don't worry about it, run one; but maybe you should consider an 18 or 19 rather than a 16. They all work. You may ride for years and never have any problem (as long as you get a good quality wheel). On the other hand, how much difference in looks is there between a 2.75 x 18 and a 2.50 x 17? Not much, right? And the 18 seems to be the breaking point between good and poor handling. A lot depends on what kind of rider you happen to be. I'm a crazy screw-off, hot-rod, balls-out jammer, and no matter how often I scare the shit out of myself and swear off doing the things that get me in trouble, I know it will be all forgotten every time I throw a leg over my Hog. So I feel that I've got to have everything possible going for me to get me out of tight spots.

If you're the type that just takes a slow putt through the park on Sunday afternoon and you don't get hung up looking at all those big boobs and asses instead of watching where you're going, you could probably get by with a 12" wheel.

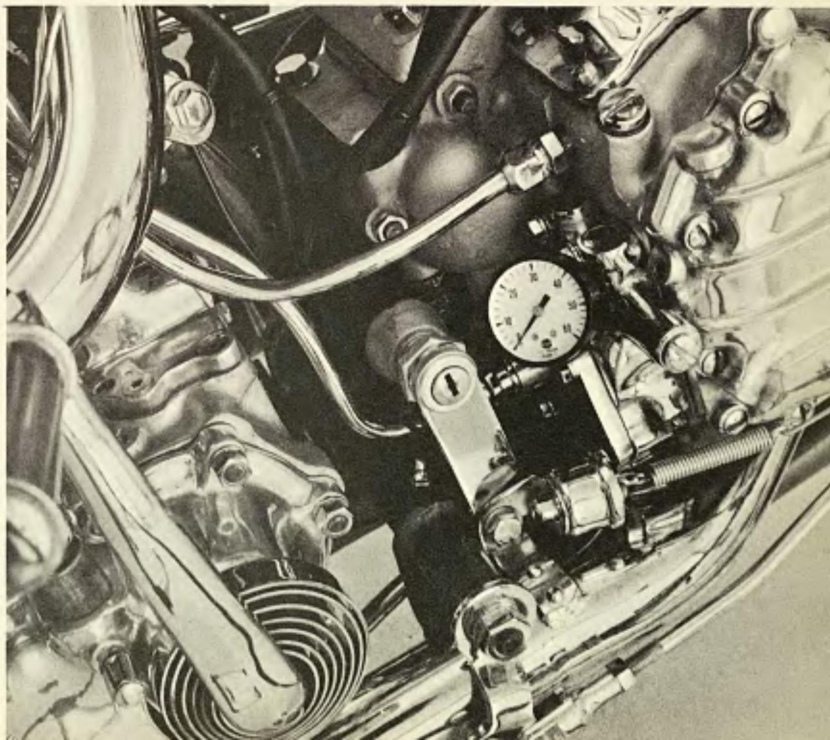
—Joe Teresi

Better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick

Those of you who drool over the craftsmanship of a well-constructed chopper, and quiver for the chance to be able to build one yourself, will have to envy the guy whose full-time job is doing just that.

Pat Ditson, the temporary owner of the panhead you see here, has such a job. He works from 10:00 to 6:30, six days a week, building strictly righteous choppers—and guess what he does for a couple of hours after he gets off work. Yep, he builds .choppers—for himself. "At least, it always starts out like that," Pat said. "But as soon as I get one finished and start riding it, guys start making me offers—offers too good to refuse — and I wind up selling it. Hell, I sold the last one about two-

STEAKS



He doesn't even get to beat 'em up before selling!

and-a-half months after I finished it, and I've already had a helluvan offer on this one, and I just finished it three days ago."

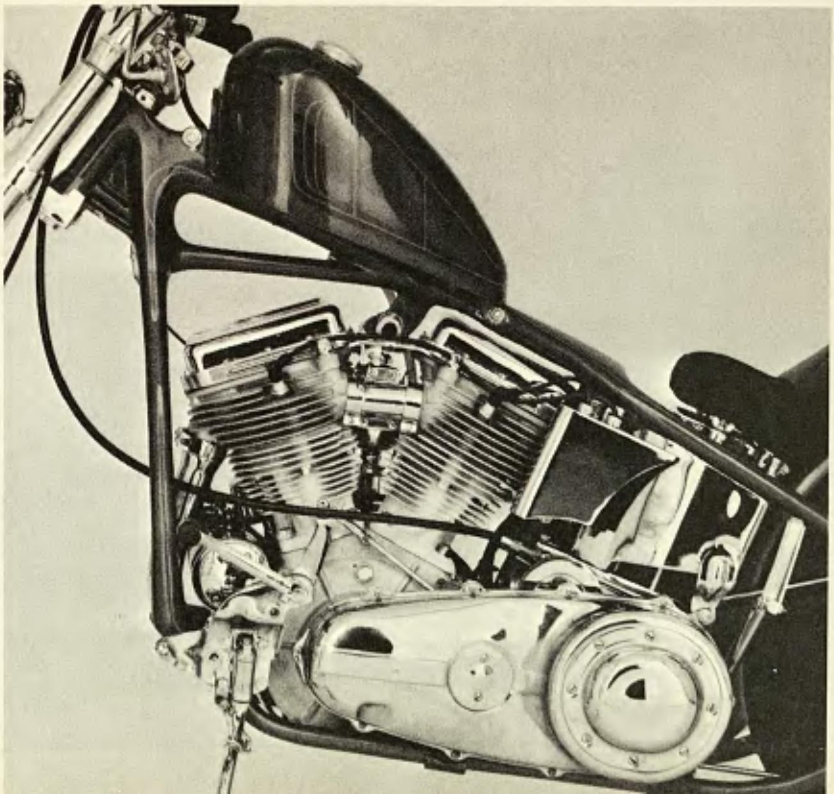
He has built five different choppers for himself, and that's pretty good for a guy who got interested in choppers only seven years ago.

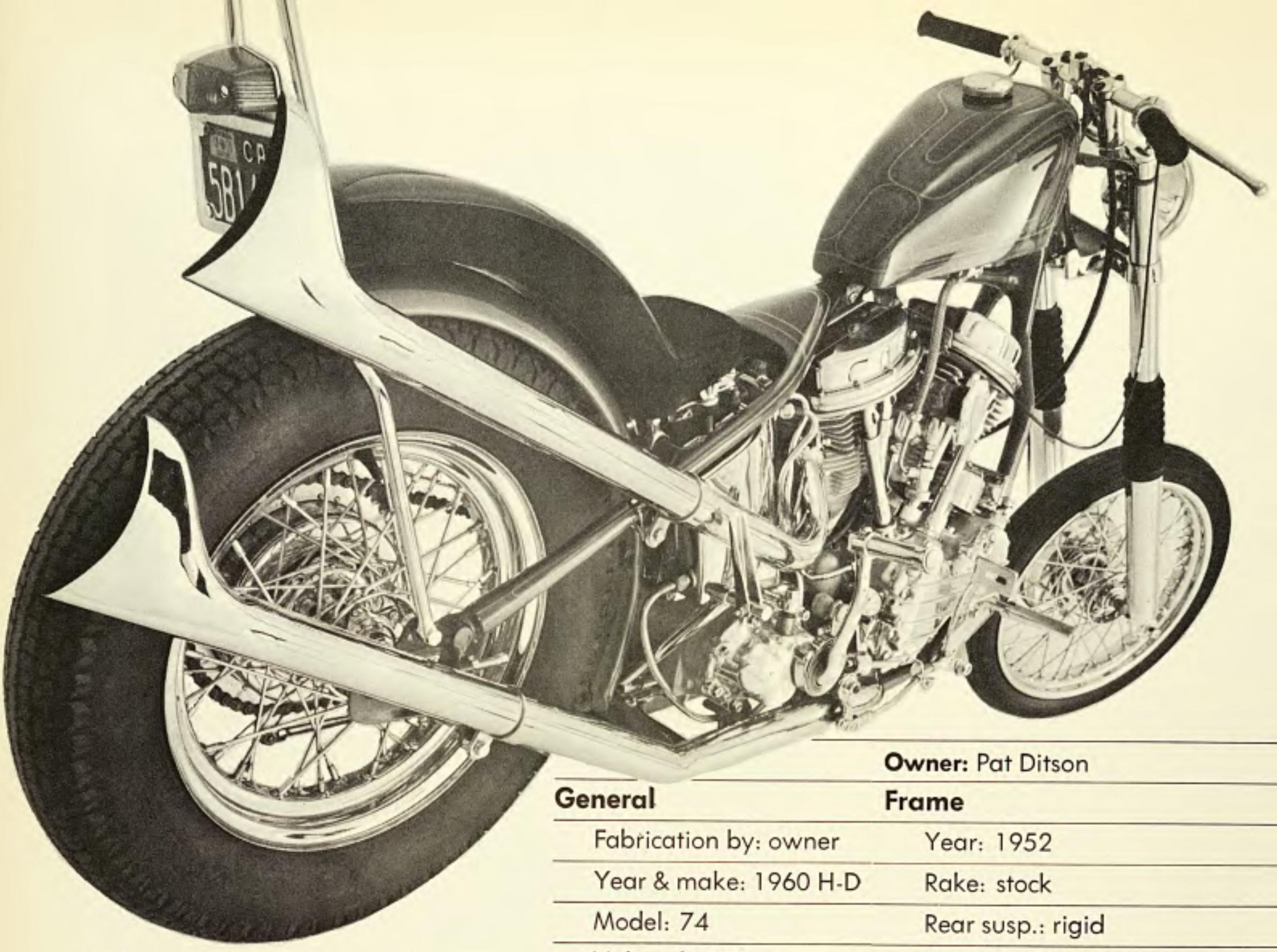
Pat's friends think he has a bitchin' job. "I spend most of my free time answering questions, offering advice, or helping them build their bikes."

He builds his bikes for good road handling; he likes to jam it when he rides. "I stay away from exaggerated front ends, and the most rake I'd ever use would be a half-inch. I don't want any wobble, or flop, at all—when I ride, I like to get it on."

Actually, Pat doesn't get to ride too often, what with selling his bikes out from under him and building another immediately following the sale. "I usually ride on Sundays, to get away from it all—especially from building choppers. I try to build my bikes to go a little faster than the average, without getting into spending a lot of money. Because of this I haul ass, which really clears my head."

As far as Pat is concerned, black is the only color to paint a chopper. "The only reason the panhead was painted green was because none of my buddies had a green bike—as a matter of fact, this is the first light-colored bike I've had." He thought for a moment and then said, "You may find this hard to believe, but that bike"—he pointed to the panhead—"has been painted six different shades of green — Bob just kept spraying until he found the right shade." He grinned. "Hell, that





	Owner: Pat Ditson
General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1952
Year & make: 1960 H-D	Rake: stock
Model: 74	Rear susp.: rigid
Value: $2800	Bars: drag bars
Time: three months	Tank: steel Sportster
Assembly: owner	Seat: Ministronie
Chroming: D&D	Material: leather
Engine	Sissy Bar: 9/16" round, 34 in.
Year: 1960	**Forks**
Model: FLH	Type: Glide
Builder: owner	Extension: 8 in.
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Builder: D&D
Cam: FLH	**Painting**
Lifters: solid	Molding: owner
Carb(s): Linkert	Painting: Electric Bob
Shifter: foot, mouse trap	Color: green
Pipes: upsweep	Type: lacquer
Mufflers:	**Tires**
Stacks:	Front: 2.75 x 18 Avon
Wheels Front: 18 Rear: 16	Rear: 5.00 x 16 Avon

bike probably has a quarter-pound of paint on it!"

Pat was pretty certain of taking the offer on the panhead, which meant he'd only get to ride it a short while longer, and so he was already making plans for his next one. "The next one will be a fat bob—a knucklehead with a full sized Harley gas tank. It'll be a great road bike—I won't have to stop at every other gas station, and it won't be something I'll be tempted into selling." He looked at the panhead. "Shit, the way it is now, it seems like I'm building a chopper twenty - four hours a day!"

Going back to the opening paragraph, we could think of worse things to do twenty-four hours a day—and you know, selling something you've created, for profit, is better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. Right? Right.

Here's Pat's panhead with a new-style sissy bar. Especially good for cold nights. Turn the page for a color photo of this sissy bar to end all sissy bars

Photos by Pete Chiodo

A Sissy Bar
for Cold Nights

Easyriders Magazine

RALPH NADER ATTACKS CHOPPERS

. . . Gov't Agency Unable to Contact Anyone With Opposing Views— Declares All Choppers Unsafe . . .

Gary Joplin, and Junior, leading the bikes between pylons.

Such headlines would more than likely have been true within a few months' time, had a small group of dedicated riders and manufacturers not gone out to Ontario Motor Speedway to meet with Doug Toms, Director of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

We're not out of the woods yet. Although the Ontario meeting was the first big step in the right direction by the NCCSI (Manufacturers Association), and the NCCA (Bike Riders Association), to give all chopper enthusiasts a voice, how loud that voice will be depends entirely upon how many people it represents; this means that all riders, dealers, distributors, and manufacturers had better do their part by joining **and supporting** their respective organizations.

The meeting with Doug Toms, Lewis S. Buchanan, Motorcycle Specialist for NHTSA, and Charles F. Livingston, Acting Director of the Office of State and Community Comprehensive Programs, Department of Transportation, was set up by Eric Grant, executive vice-president and Counsel of the NCCSI. At a SEMA dinner the night before, Mr. Toms had mentioned to Eric that there was a rising concern in regard to the safety of customized motorcycles and that he had been unsuccessful in finding anyone representing this group from whom he could get information needed to come to fair and just decisions concerning safety.

Eric, of course, immediately announced that he himself represented such a group of very interested people and asked if it might be possible to set up a meeting before Mr. Toms returned to Washington, D.C. The answer was yes, that the reason for Mr. Tom's three-day visit to the West Coast was some automobile testing out at Ontario Speedway but that he would allow some time in his busy schedule the following day if some choppers could be gotten out there on such short notice.

Well, short notice it was, but a call from Eric to Les Fitch (Mother's Choppers), president of the NCCSI, started the ball rolling, and by noon of the following day there were five bikes and a group of some twenty-five people waiting at Bob Bondurant's race driving school at the Ontario Speedway.

The meeting lasted until sunset and was, to say the least, encouraging. Doug Toms, Lewis Buchanan, and Charles Livingston are what you would call regular guys: they were willing to listen to what we had to say and allowed us as much time as we needed to say it. They were completely open minded and intent on gathering any facts that would help them come to a fair decision.

At the beginning of the meeting, the group of people representing choppers tended to be on the defensive, but after they realized that Mr. Tom's attitude was not that of a traffic cop issuing a citation, that he and the others were all bike riders themselves, things loosened up and there was some very productive conversation.

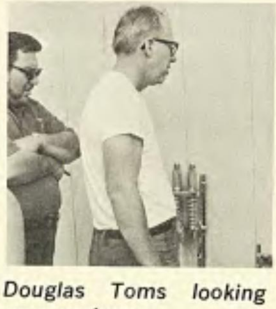
One of the first things revealed to us was the fact that Doug Toms had been contacted by Ralph Nader, who had stated that he had been receiving an average of ten letters per week concerning motorcycle safety and that 90% of these were in regard to front end failures.

Les Fitch related that the NCCSI was aware that there were a great number of poor-quality products being sold to the public by fast-buck manufacturers and that one of the main objectives of the NCCSI was to police the industry and eliminate this problem, but that on the other hand there were a number of manufacturers who were turning out quality products. He added that he had asked Joe Teresi (D&D Distributors), vice-president of the NCCSI, to bring out two of D&D's springers for them to see, including one that had gone into the

—Continued on page 50

Douglas Toms, Director of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, on a chopper! He was surprised at how well it handled.

National Traffic Safety Director testing full dress 750 Honda.



Douglas Toms looking over springer.

We said this in the last issue, but it's worth repeating:

You, as an individual, can stand on your roof top shouting to the world about how unjust, how stupid, and unconstitutional some of the recently passed, or pending, bike laws are — but all you will accomplish is to get yourself arrested for disturbing the peace.

Individual bike clubs can go before city councils, state legislatures, and congressional committees, but as single clubs, and unprofessional at the game of politics, their efforts are usually futile.

Scattered, unorganized, individual efforts have little if any effect against the power structure — it's like hunting big game with a bolt-action .22 rifle.

It takes numbers to command respect, to be heard over the din created by the anti-bikers, and worse, the anti-chopper forces.

The major problem is not any particular anti-bike movement or organization —the problem is that the people who make the laws are people who know nothing about bikes. The little old lady writes her congressman and complains. There is no one offering rebuttal — intelligent, professional rebuttal—to her unfair charges. The congressman, who doesn't hear any arguments against what the old lady said, but does want to please everybody and does want to get elected again, introduces a bill to ban whatever was bugging the old lady. The bikers in the area don't see the small item, buried in the back of the newspaper along with the hemorrhoid cures, announcing the proposed law for all bikes to have roll bars. Since no one sees it, no rebuttal is offered, and the law is passed. Or if it is seen, and a club or two protest, it isn't a loud enough protest, or it is a disorganized protest, or an unprofessional protest, and as a result the law is passed.

An oversimplification, yes. But that basically is the problem — broken down into its simplest terms.

We need a national organization of bikers. An organization united together in a common endeavor, and in sufficient numbers to be heard in Washington, D.C., in the state legislatures, and even down to the city councils.

We must offer strong organized rebuttal to **all** unfair legislation, no matter what the level. To stop or modify an unfair law in one state is to stop or impede it in another. If it's wrong, it's wrong, and only constant, relentless pressure will stop the trend against bikes. Today it might be Arizona, but tomorrow it might be your state. We must start now to put a stop to bad laws. We must educate the people who make the laws. We must present **our** side of the story, and we must present it from a position of strength, and in a professional, dignified manner.

Already the Government has indicated they are going to press for **national** custom bike laws ("Safety Standards") for, you guessed it, **our** safety. The Department of Transportation has already issued printed warnings against the "danger" of extended front ends, lack of front-wheel brakes, "and other hazardous features of customized motorcycles."

We're not saying they are all wrong — nobody is all wrong. But what we are saying is that we, us, you and I, bike riders, chopper builders, chopper manufacturers, **everyone** with an interest in the future of bikes, must present **our** side, we must see to it that any laws that are passed are just. We must present our case and defend it vigorously.

What can **you** do? Join the **National Custom Cycle Association (NCCA).** Let's get together in a mass, so that our voice means something, has the weight and strength of numbers.

The NCCA is a non-profit organization, sponsored by **Easyriders** magazine. It's not a scam. If what has been said above doesn't get you off your ass, if you don't see the pending arbitrary laws, if you don't see that an organized protest is much more effective than a shotgun approach, then what else can we say?

When you join the NCAA, you'll receive a decal, membership card, and NCCA's monthly bulletin bringing you up to date on all bike laws, pending bike laws, and reports on NCCA's progress and activities.

Send $3.00 for a year's charter membership, to the **National Custom Cycle Association,** Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Do it now, for as Satchel Paige said, "Don't look back. Sump'n may be gaining on you."

Join Today!

Don't put it off— the people who are making the laws aren't!

It's not necessary to use coupon—just put same info on separate sheet of paper—get your friends to join— we need a *loud* voice!

NCCA
Box 2086
Seal Beach, California 90740

Here's my $3.00 for a one-year charter membership in NCCA. Send me my membership card, decal, and monthly bike law bulletin.

Name ______________________ Age ____

Address ______________________

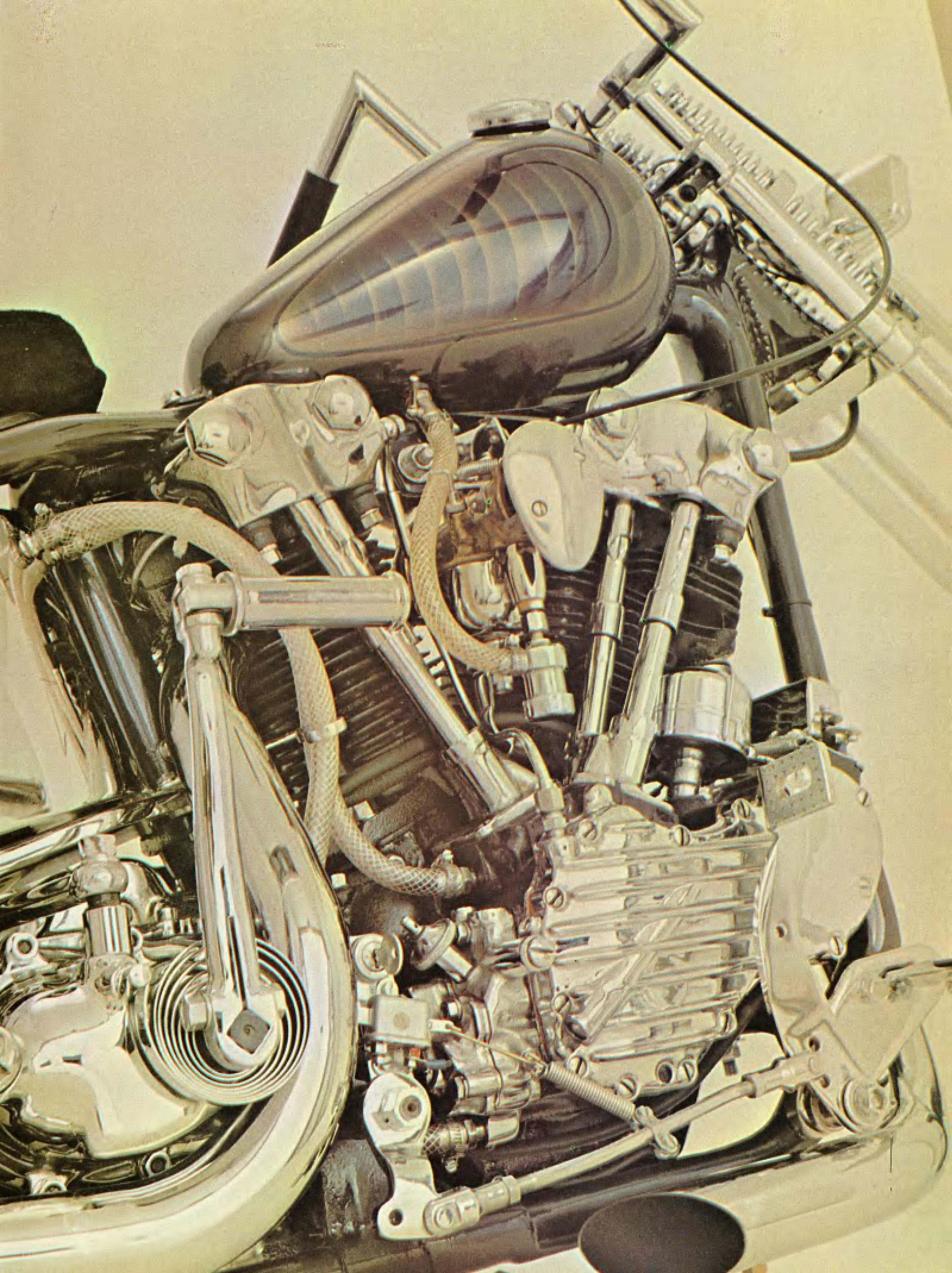
City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Phone ________ Can you help us in your state? ______

Comments: ______________________

Just a Plain Everyday Knuckle!

If you've never tried to hack a long front end, no front brake, and a jockey shift, while waiting for a traffic light on a steep hill—hell, any *hill, you haven't lived. In order to keep clutch in, your boot must stay on clutch pedal. With no front brake, your other foot must stay on the brake pedal. Okay, how do you stay upright?*



Jockey shift, foot clutch, no front brakes, long front end, and a big rake—sorta makes you want to avoid hills.

You could pack a chick with strong legs, or you could slip your clutch until the signal changes—or stay the hell away from hills with traffic signals.

Bob Blum had just returned from a weekend run to San Francisco—the city built for billy goats—when Easyriders *contacted him about the knuckle you see here. One of the first questions asked was, how in hell did he manage to get around San Francisco with its unreal hills. His answer was straight. "I hitch-hiked." He grinned, as he recalled the situation. "I went straight to a friend's house, parked it, and hitch-hiked where I wanted to go—there was no way I could cruise around town—my clutch would have said, 'screw it'."*

His trip to Frisco was over a 400 mile run, and I wondered if he had any problems. "Other than having to make ten stops going, and eight stops coming back, the run was one straight shot." He thought a moment, and then added, "The reason for ten stops going was that I was unfamiliar with the bike—that was the first run I've taken since the bike's been finished, so I played it safe. On the way back, I knew pretty much how many miles I'd get from a tank of gas.

"I was packing my chick, plus around 150 pounds of camping gear and

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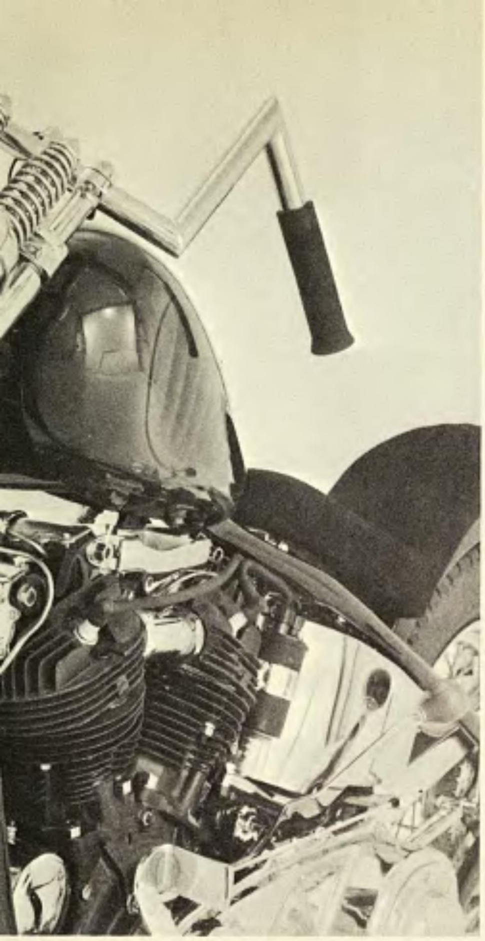
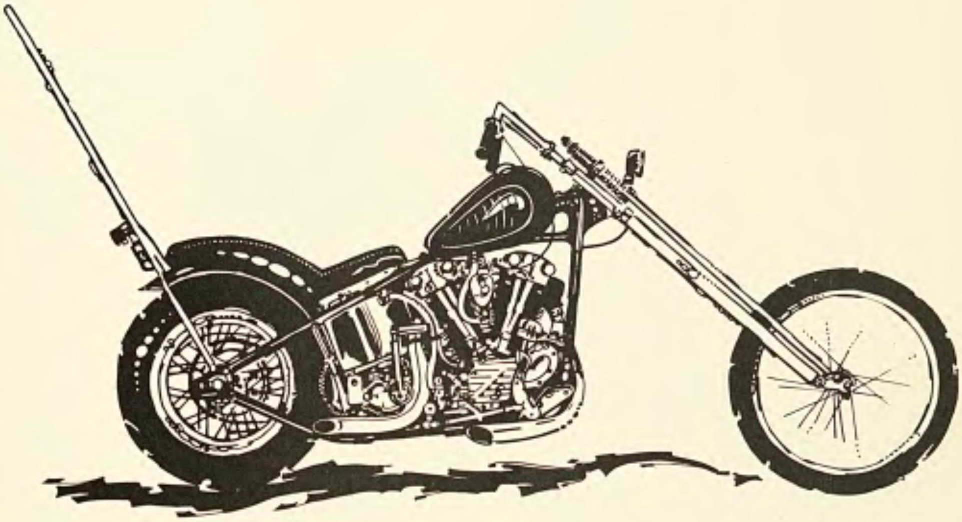




Owner: Bob Blum

General

Fabrication by: D&D
Year & make: 1946 H-D
Model: 74
Value: $2850
Time: four months
Assembly: D&D
Chroming: D&D

Engine

Year: 1946
Model: FL Knucklehead
Builder: D&D
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: stock
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert M74
Shifter: jockey
Pipes: D&D drag type
Mufflers: baffles
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 21 in. Rear: 16 in.

Frame

Year: 1946
Rake: 1¼″
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: 8″ M bars
Tank: Chopper tank
Seat: Ministronie
Material: rough side out leather
Sissy Bar: 52″ hex

Forks

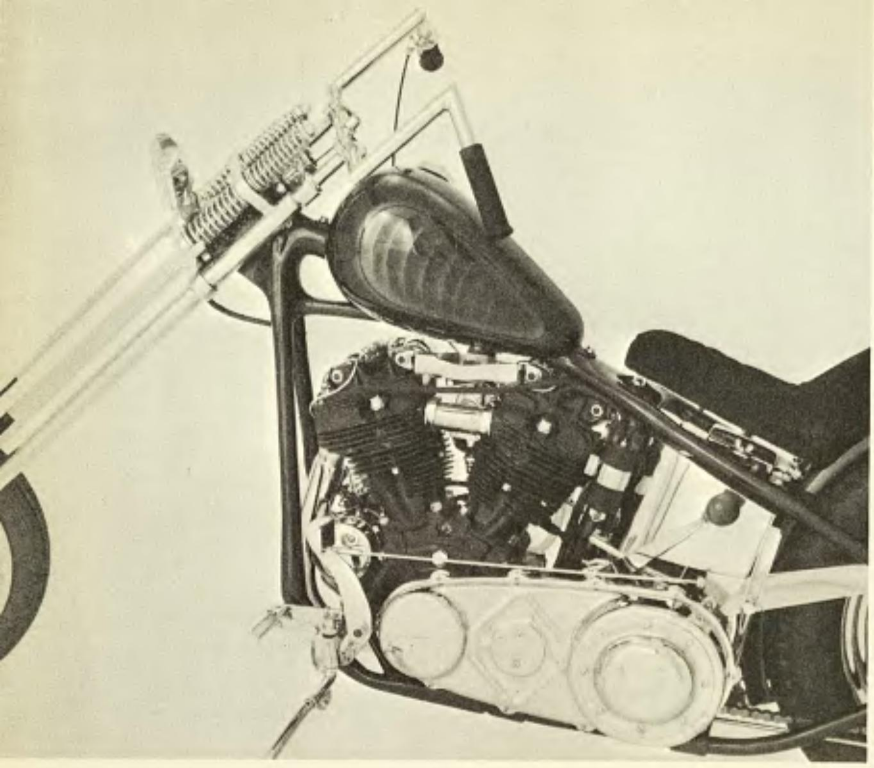
Type: new narrow springer
Extension: 14 in.
Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
Painting: Electric Bob
Color: purple pearl
Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Avon



other stuff, while cruising at 90mph."

I inquired how his chick dug the long ride on the rigid. "She was great," he answered. "She didn't complain at all—that Ministronie seat is really comfortable, even after eight straight hours on the rigid. It was cold at night, but she went right along with it—which was better than the last chick I packed." He smiled as he recalled the incident. "It was in New York, and I hit a blizzard and wanted to get out of it, so I kept on going, with the chick really blowing into my ear. Once I got out of the blizzard, I stopped at a cafe for coffee. The chick got off, cussed me out, and split—that was the last time I saw her!"

Bob is a computer trouble-shooter, which requires he drive a car during the day, but as soon as he gets home at night, he gets on his knucklehead.

Originally from Brooklyn, he's owned two Nortons and a Triumph 650, before switching to his first righteous machine, a '50 panhead.

He liked the handling of the Nortons, but, "There is no comparison between the big H ride and the others. It's hard to explain, but you have a feeling of being a part of it. I wouldn't ever ride anything else."

Bob decided on a knucklehead for he feels that it is the best looking of all Harley engines. To groove with the engine, Bob decided to keep the bike super plain. "No crap hanging off of it—no bullshit—just a clean basic chopper."

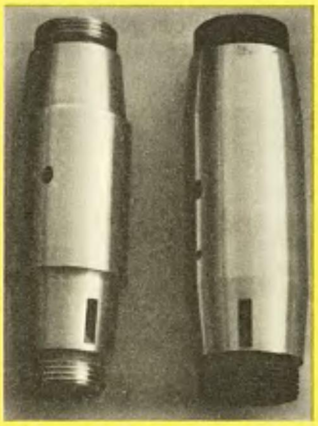
He digs riding in the West as opposed to the East, for he feels choppers are more accepted here, plus all the legal hassles that exist in the East. "In New York, you have to wear a helmet—and lately you have to wear a bubble shield on the helmet or shatter-proof goggles—no sun glasses. You have to wear a leather jacket, boots, and run with your lights on all of the time. It seems that when ever a politician wants to get his name in the press, all he has to do is shit on the bikers. If a guy wants to wear a helmet and all that jazz—fine, but why should the guy that doesn't want to—it's his skull."

Bob wants the politicians to leave him alone, to let him live his own life, which is pretty much how he feels about riding. "When riding, I like to be a loner. I want to be left alone. I don't hassle anyone, and I don't want to be hassled—I just want to cruise with my chick and live."

Different Strokes for Different Folks (Part IV)

"Where can I get a set of 86" wheels?" That's a good question. The answer is that you're not going to find a set. You're going to have to find a set of 80" wheels and modify them to 86". Then you ask, "Is it worth while, just for a lousy added six inches?" Answer: You bet your li'l ol' tuckus is is; not only are you going to pick up six inches, but you are going to have a crisper sounding and reacting engine, probably smoother, and you are going to definitely solve the wheel shifting problems that plague 80" owners.

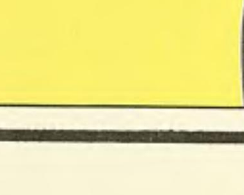
The wheel shifting usually occurs when you drop the clutch on a revved-up engine. As you probably know by now, Harley wheels are two-piece and are connected and held in line with each other by a tapered crankpin—so, when your engine is turning up around 5000 or 6000 rpm and you drop the clutch, the left wheel has the same effect as if a brake were applied to it; at the same time, the right wheel tries to pass up the left wheel and as a result shifts relationship to the left wheel on the tapered crankpin. To cure this problem you should install a late model crankpin which has a larger tapered area than the stock 80" crankpin with the stepped shoulder (see photo).

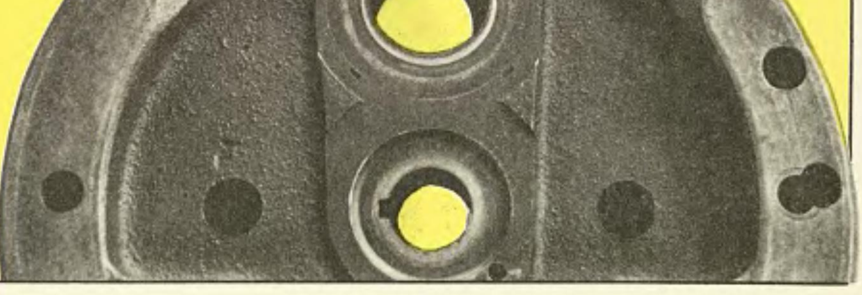


To do this you will have to bore the crankpin hole in the wheels out to the larger diameter taper. Here is where the additional stroke comes to be—instead of boring on center you bore as far off center as possible toward the outside of the wheels (approximately 1/8"; see diagram). The 1/8" movement of the pin will actually increase your stroke by 1/4"; i.e., your piston will travel 1/8" higher out of the jug and 1/8" deeper into the cases—which will of course require a thicker stroke plate and reclearancing of the skirt of the pistons to the flywheels.

If you've ever had a set of shifted wheels you already know how they chew up your case rollers, make your engine run out of balance, and make it impossible to focus your eyeballs at highway speed because of vibration. The magic number for Harley seems to be 86"; as for smoothness and power, even after moving the crankpin and lousing up the factory balance job, they still usually run smoother than a stocker. (I would recommend electronic balancing after moving the pin; just remember to tell whoever is balancing it that it is a big-inch Harley and that you want it to run smooth at 2500 to 3000 rpm. They all think, it seems, that because it's a bike, you will be cruising at 5000 to 6000 rpm.)

The crispness of the exhaust is near unreal, and it remains distinctively Harley. The best part of the whole deal, though, is when you're riding with a bunch of the boys and at 80-90 mph you can just throttle it on and carry the front wheel about six inches off the ground with sheer torque until you've gone out of sight. ■





Editors go ape with ten dollar bills.

House of Sissy Bar Contest

Due to the big feature on factory codes and the space devoted to the centerspread chick, we got screwed out of space this issue. So we won't be able to feature as many ideas as we usually do—but go back and dig on the centerspread, and you'll understand.

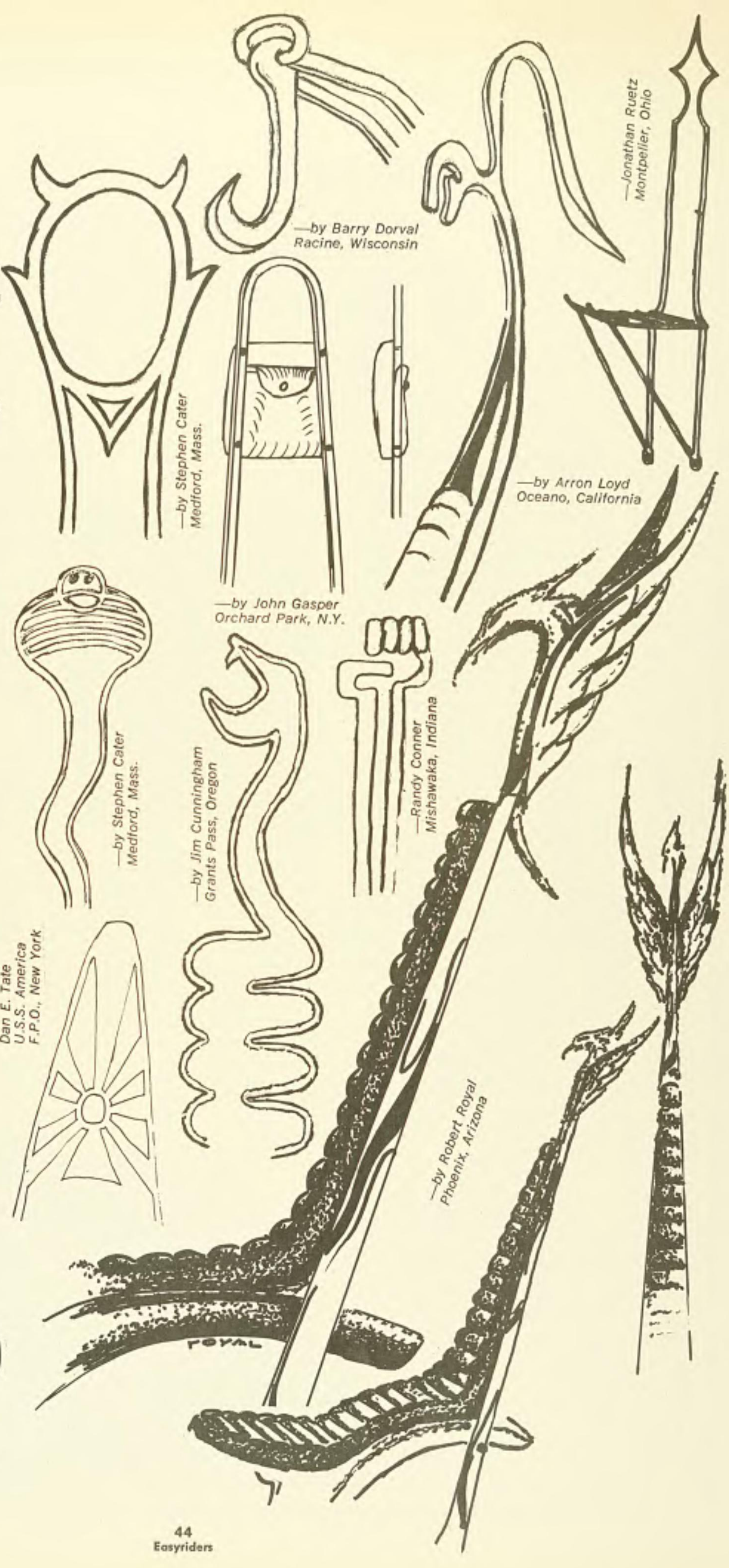
$10.00 FOR YOUR IDEAS

This contest will continue in every issue. If you have already submitted some ideas — submit more.

We'll pay ten dollars for every design idea printed in the magazine.

The ideas can be any size and rendered in either pencil or ink. They do not have to be professionally drawn—we'll take care of that—it's the idea we're interested in, but there should be enough of a sketch to show us what you have in mind.

If you want rejects returned, then you must send a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. All printed ideas become the property of **Easyriders** magazine. Send your ideas to Sissy Bar Contest, **Easyriders** magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. □



—by Barry Dorval
Racine, Wisconsin

—Jonathan Ruetz
Montpelier, Ohio

—by Stephen Cater
Medford, Mass.

—by Arron Loyd
Oceano, California

—by John Gasper
Orchard Park, N.Y.

—by Stephen Cater
Medford, Mass.

—by Jim Cunningham
Grants Pass, Oregon

—Randy Conner
Mishawaka, Indiana

Dan E. Tate
U.S.S. America
F.P.O., New York

—by Robert Royal
Phoenix, Arizona

—by William Opelc
Carson City, Nevada

Harley ID Numbers and Codes —Continued from page 16

and odd for odd number years. Also, in production numbers containing five rather than four digits, the first **two** digits will be even for even number years, and odd for odd number years. Here are some examples:

6**3**FLH**7**593

6**4**FL**8**613

6**9**FLH**11**891

If you have a 1965 bike, and your number is 6**5**FLH**2**234, then you have problems.

Indications That Engine Numbers Have Been Altered

1. Any obvious removal of numbers by grinding or filing.

2. Any over-stamping. Where it appears numbers have been superimposed. This is usually indicated by difficult to read numbers which are not clean cut.

3. A surface that has been ground down, original numbers removed and substitute numbers stamped on it. Look for unevenly stamped numbers.

4. Watch closely:

For grinding marks on protrusions surrounding flat area (engine boss) where engine numbers are stamped, such as ridge above the boss surrounding the engine bolt.

The "dogs" on older engine which protrude out from engine boss.

The spoke-like ridges extending from center of case to the outer edges.

The cooling fins on engine cylinders—in case grinding was done while engine was assembled.

The bottom portion of the boss that has a flat horizontal line instead of one which follows contour and rounded surface of the case surrounding the flywheel.

5. The raised engine boss containing numbers is completely ground away, then sandblasted for even-textured surface, and phony numbers added.

6. The entire engine boss is removed and then surface is built up by heliarc welding. This is a popular method, for it makes it impossible for police to restore original numbers by chemical process.

Here's what to look for to see if heliarc method has been used:

Weld marks on side of engine boss.

A merging, or partial merging, of the boss with the upper horizontal ridge (Sportster engine only).

(The standard production space between the boss and the ridge is one-eighth inch.)

Look for pit holes on surface of boss, caused by air bubbles that may form at time of welding.

7. Any mistake in numbering. This article gives you all the information you need in this area.

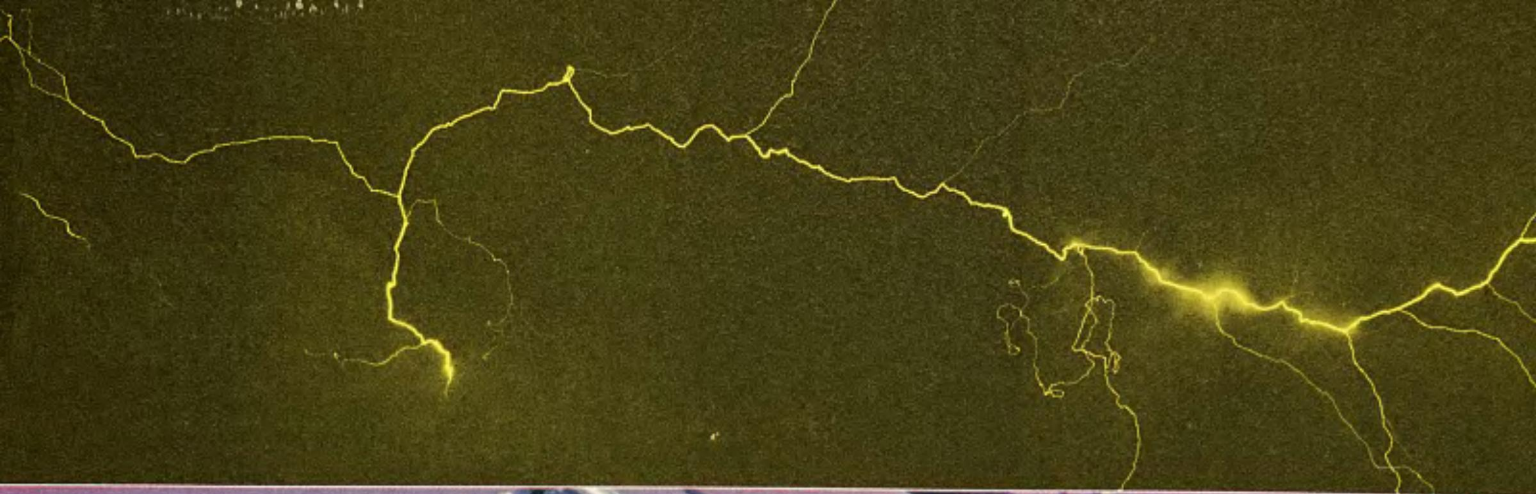
8. A distinct difference in texture between surface where number is located and the immediate surrounding areas.

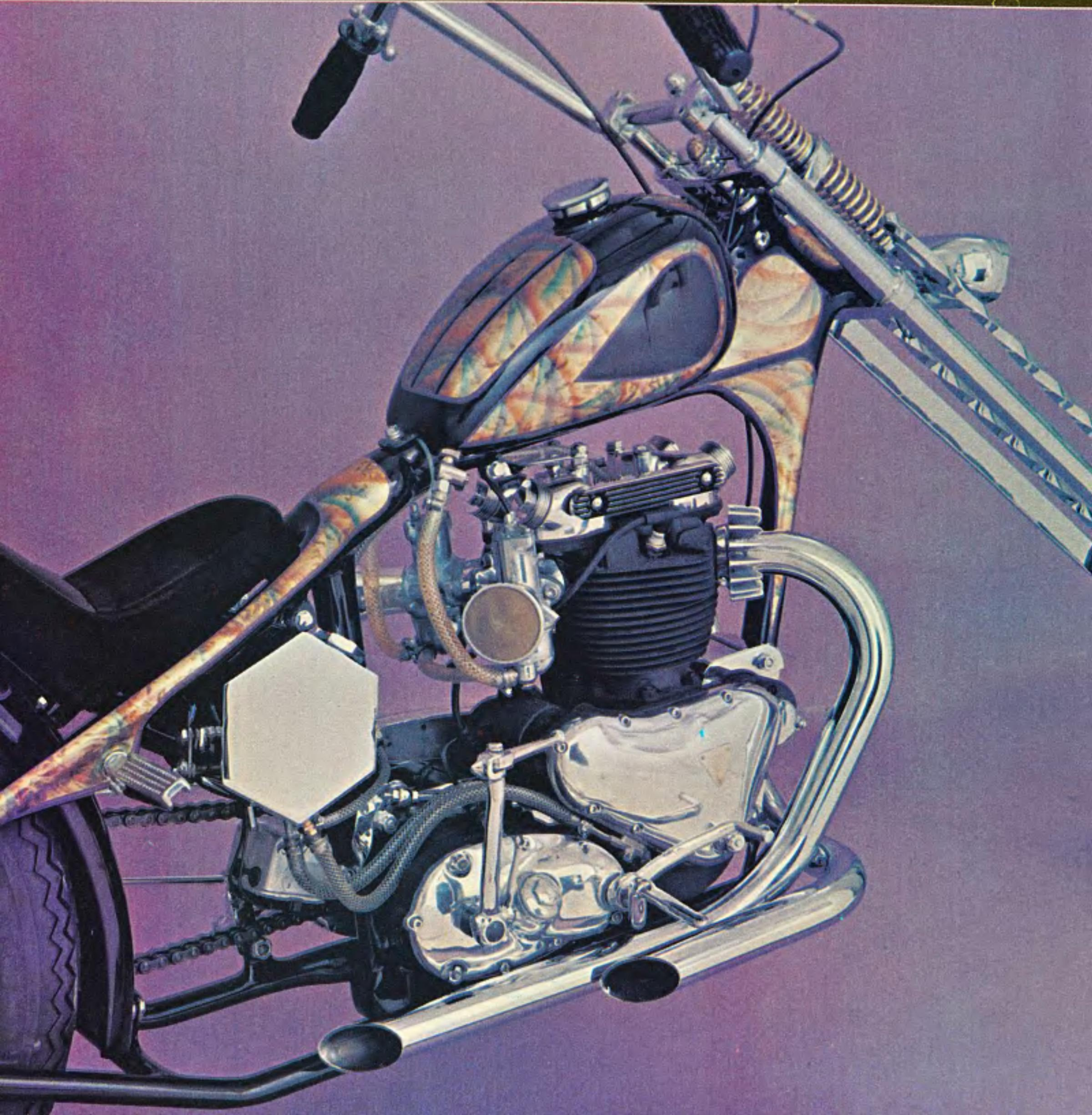
The texture should be the same, for engine cases are cast in a mold.

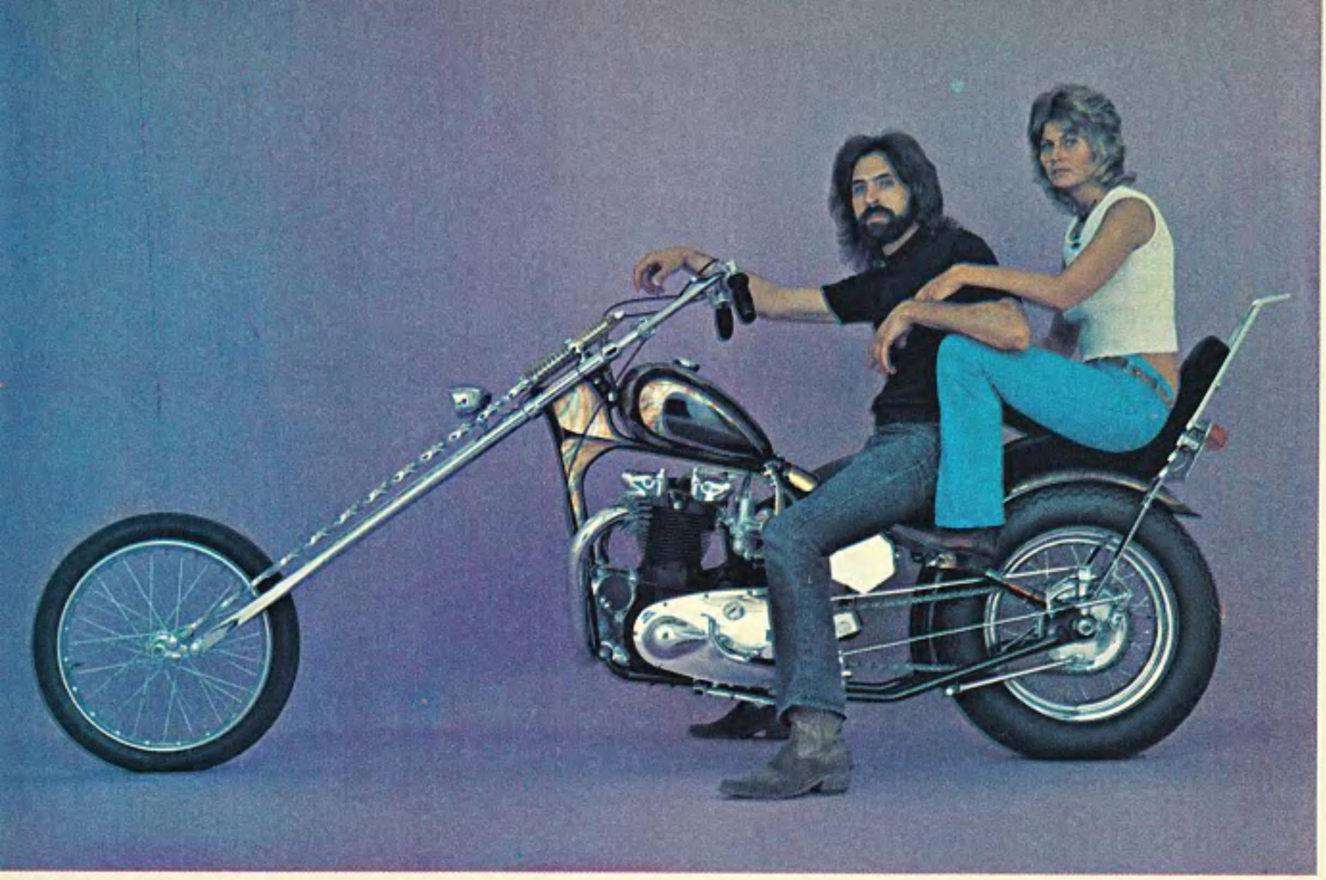
Many times, however, texture **is** uniform, because the engine is sandblasted by the rip-off artist after numbers have been changed.

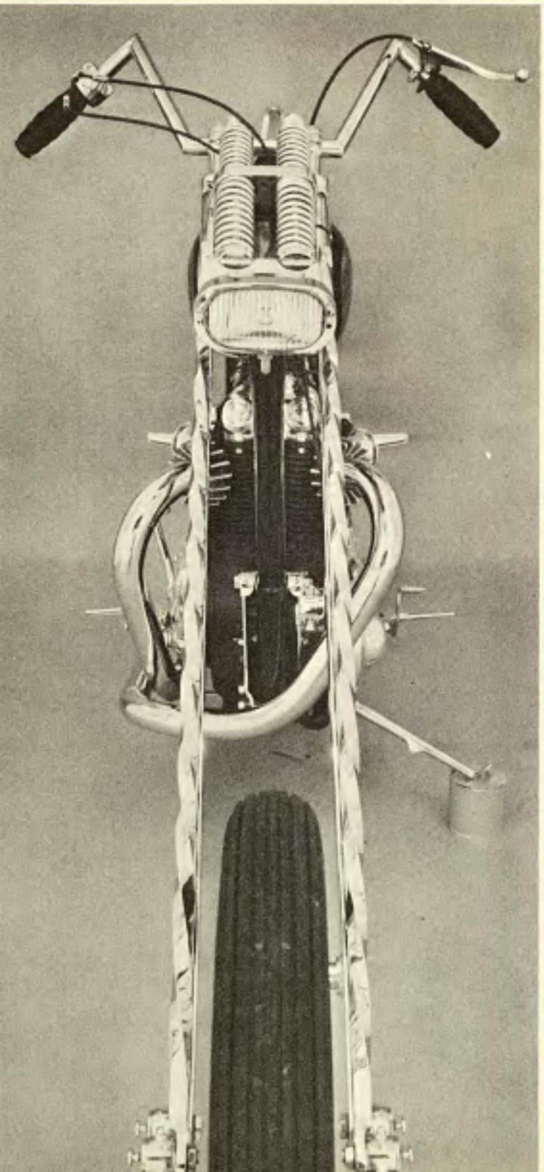
With this article, you should be able to spot a hot bike—or at least one you should think twice about before buying—because before you can say, "But officer, I didn't know those parts were stolen!" he may have already started to crease your gourd and shut off your circulation with chromed vise grips, as you see your bike being hauled downtown. ■

"I think it only fair to warn you, water beds make me seasick!"









Electrified Electric Bob

"You've heard of basket cases. Well, my Triumph started out as the basket case of all basket cases. It was a tangled mess, as the result of a collision with what must have been an immovable object—in fact, if it had been lying near a trash heap, a person would have walked right on by it."

How's that for a starting point? Well, that's the way Electric Bob described the condition of his '57 Triumph at the time he started to transform it into the fantastic work of art you see here.

Going back into Bob's past to a time before he became interested in choppers, he had an auto body shop in Detroit (the first shop in that area to pin-stripe cars). That's where he met

Our Hog freaks let one get past them, or Bob paid someone off!

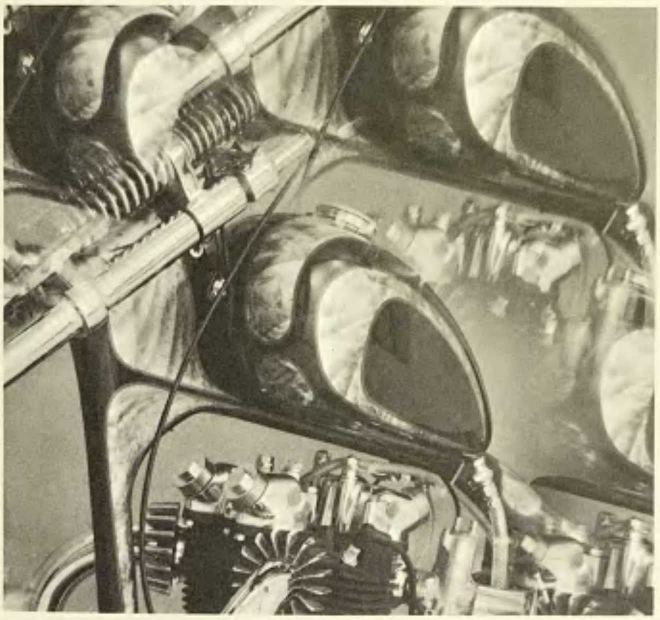
Jerrie, his wife, who was and still is a bike nut. She was the person responsible for turning Bob onto the bike scene.

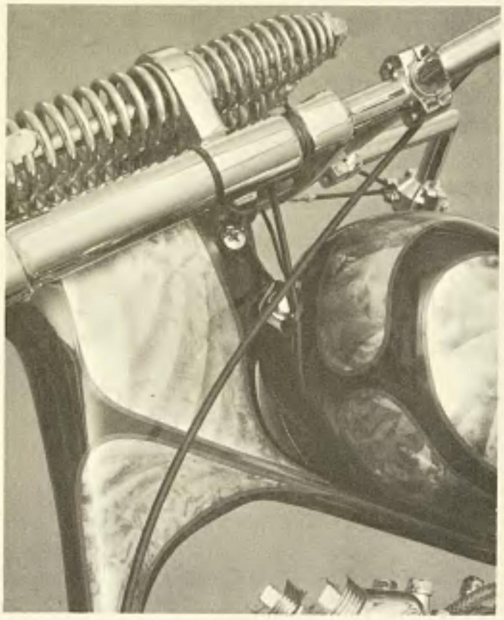
He's had five different bikes since then, and now he's a nationally famous something or other. What in hell do you call a guy who molds bike frames into works of art? A frame sculptor? And what do you call a painter of frames and tanks? They are more than mere paint jobs; they, too, are works of art. Do you call him an artistic painter? Well, whatever the hell you call what he does, he's one of the best at it, and nothing could be a better example of his artistic abilities than the outstanding workmanship evidenced here.

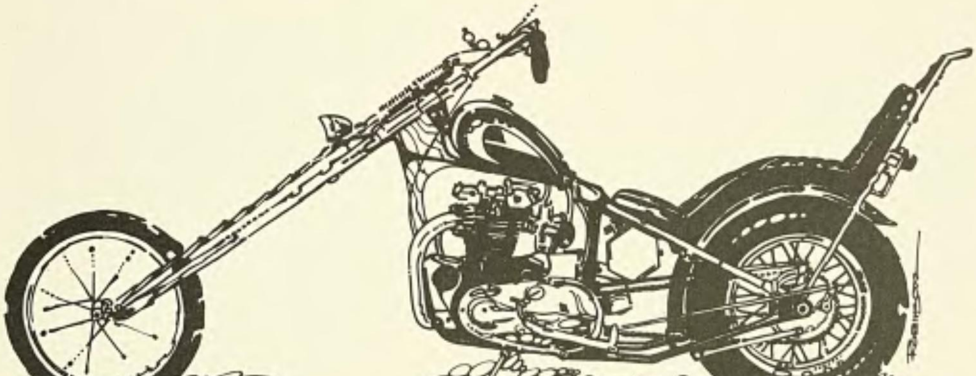
You've no doubt noticed his name associated with many of the better choppers around—there is a constant demand for his talents. So much so that he started a new and unique mail order service, where he paints tanks and frames for people entirely through the mail. He's created a number of standard designs; people order the design they want from a full-color brochure that he mails them, and then he paints according to their wishes, shipping the results to customers all over the world.

Being aware of his fame and success gained from working with bikes, I said to him, "I bet you're glad your ol' lady turned you onto bikes."

He glanced around to see if Jerrie could hear him before he hissed, "Knock it off, asshole, she's hard enough to get along with as it is!"







Photos by Pete Chiodo

General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1957
Year & make: 1957 Triumph	Rake: 2″
Model: TR-6	Rear susp.: rigid (Santee)
Value: $2500	Bars: W pullbacks
Time: three months	Tank: peanut
Assembly: owner	Seat: Ministrone
Chroming: D&D	Material: leather (rough side out)
Engine	Sissy: Bar: 36″ twist
Year: 1957	**Forks**
Model: Triumph TR-6	Type: narrow springer with twist
Builder: Bud Ekins	Extension: 20 in.
Displacement: 650 cc	Builder: D&D
Cam: 9 grinds	**Painting**
Lifters: stock	Molding: owner
Carb(s): (2) 34 mill. concentric	Painting: owner
Shifter: foot	Color: egg plant pearl
Pipes: 27″ tuned	Type: lacquer
Mufflers:	**Tires**
Stacks:	Front: 2.75 x 18 Avon
Wheels Front:18 Trump Rear:16 Harley	Rear: 5.00 x 16 Arco

NCCA

—Continued from page 36

side of a car at between 50 and 60 miles per hour.

Joe told Mr. Toms that he had more than 1,000 forks on the road to date and had not had a single report of failure.

Close examination of the crashed fork showed that it had bent from impact but showed no signs of cracking or breaking, and it was thought that a stock fork might have fared much worse than the custom unit.

About this time, Bill Carter of Carter Custom Painting in Van Nuys showed up with his '53 panhead, which has a 1¾" rake in the neck and an 18" D&D springer. Doug Toms was immediately interested in the extreme machine and engaged Bill in a conversation concerning the handling qualities of such a far-out bike. Bill said that he had been running the bike for more than two years on the road and had not had any kind of problems, and that he really rode the hell out of it, including many long runs to places like Yosemite. He also said that he had just finished shooting a movie in which he'd had to reshoot a chase scene seven times because the car chasing him blew it, whereas he had never lost control of the bike during the seven retakes. He then showed Doug the photos you see here, taken as promotion shots for the movie.

We moved out to a section of speedway set up for slalom racing and the bikers were asked to just drive around an oval at a speed they considered safe, so that the handling characteristics could be observed. There was certainly a good cross-section of bikes to observe. Ron Black and Bill Watts of Triple A Accessories had brought two new Honda 750s. One was completely full-dress: fairing, footboards, racks, and the works; the other had a special Triple A exhaust system and six-inch one-piece legs. Gary Joplin, who runs one of Mother's Choppers outlets, brought out his Sportster with a set of ten-inch legs and a set of extra-long pullback bars that allow him to really lie back and look at ease. There was another Sportster, one that everybody wound up riding at least once. It had a Dick Allen springer on it and was owned and built by Junior of B&O Cycle. And there was, of course, Bill Carter and his wayout 74.

After traveling in the oval for a while with no apparent difference in handling, the riders were asked to weave in and out between pylons along the edge of the course, and again no one had any problems. Then race driver Bob Bondurant had an idea: Why not have him drive a standard four-door car through the slalom course at a normal brisk pace (without racing) and see if the bikes could keep up and handle well? They tried it; the bikes handled fine, and the wildest one was right up front. After a couple of laps, Bob pulled the car off the course and the bikes went on to do another four or five laps at what looked to be five to ten mph faster.

Well, that seemed to wrap it up, except that the visiting officials would like to have a couple of bikes and some products shipped back to Washington, D.C., for SAE testing. Mr. Toms was assured that he would receive whatever he needed in the way of test items or information.

Then Bob Bondurant, who had been a pro bike racer before turning to cars, asked if he could ride one of the Hondas just for kicks. Off he went on the Honda with the six-inch extension. Ride he did, and pro he is; for fifteen minutes he raced around doing things the average biker wouldn't do in a lifetime. When he finally stopped, George Barton (Randy Enterprises), secretary-treasurer of the NCCSI, asked him if he would ride the stock 750 and give his opinion as to the handling. And away he went for another fifteen minutes, while we all stood around nervously awaiting his answer.

Chalk one up for our side. He definitely felt that the one with the extended front end handled better.

Before the rest of us knew what was happening, Bob charged off on the Sporster with the springer on it, followed by Lewis Buchanan and Charles Livingston in hot pursuit on the two 750s. This went on for a while, with Bob holding a definite lead. When they returned, a question was raised: Okay, fine, but what about the guy who isn't an experienced bike rider? Could he handle a bike with an extended front end? "I think I can," popped up a voice. We all looked around. There was Bob Bondurant's PR man, Jim Shane, who had been standing around grooving on the whole deal and rapping with the bikers. "I never rode a bike, but I think I can ride that one," he said, pointing to the Sportster. So away he went, after some preliminary instruction as to where the controls were, with not even a wobble taking off and a big grin on his face. Talk about bugs in your teeth — this guy must have swallowed a dozen of 'em.

That did it. Doug Toms couldn't take any more; he had to try it for himself. Off he went on the dresser 750, first, and then on the one with the six-inch legs. His opinion: The one with the longer front end seemed to handle better. And—you can believe it—Doug's no slouch either. We found out that he had ridden his own bike in the Baja 1000 last year.

The last event of the day featured Doug Toms running the Sporster through the slalom course as the sun set over Ontario Speedway. All in all a very satisfying and reassuring day for those of us who consider the chopper a way of life and not just another mode of transportation.

But we've got a long way to go yet, and we're going to need support from every one of you if we are to preserve the right to do what we dig most. The first step is always the hardest, and it has been taken, but by no means can we afford to relax now. Talk it up with your friends; get them to join the NCCA. Get to your local chopper shop; show them this article and ask them to join the NCCSI. If you have a problem with a poor-quality part, don't write to Ralph Nader—write to the NCCA. They will get you quicker results, and of the kind you want. We have to prove that we are capable of solving our own problems without government controls, and we can do it if we work together—and work **hard.**

Here's what some of the first joiners of NCCA had to say:

I am joining your organization so that a powerful lobby can be built up not only to protect the motorcycles from arbitrary legislation, but also to support some necessary legislation (e.g., anti-noise laws are needed).
Mark Warhol
Edwardsville, Ill.

Right now, our only hassles are the 15-inch rule on bar height, baffles, mufflers, front fender and brake.
Pete Bergeron
Gorham, N.H.

NCAA will be worthwhile provided you get enough members. I joined the VFW and the NRA to defend the rights I didn't want warped or taken away from me.
Ron Canipe
Hickory, N.C.

I am an aerospace E/M designer, and I know stresses and metal characteristics. Politicians suck!
Ronald Sikorski
Santa Barbara, Calif.

I've spent a lot of coin in making a clean chopper. I don't want to ride a garbage wagon just to be legal.
Frank Hinkle
Perrysburg, Ohio

Congratulations. I have often wondered how long it would be before bikers would join together across the country and be heard.

Indiana and Illinois have the following law: "Headlights on *all* motorcycles or motor-driven cycles (150cc and smaller) must be lit at all times when vehicle is being driven." That law is supposed to protect me by making sure the rednecks in their cages can see me. Bullshit. I was run off the road just last week by one car passing another—a helluva lot of good the headlight did. If it's a dumb driver—it's a dumb driver.
Jerry Mooshool
Chicago, Ill.

We need your organization in Arkansas! Would you believe crash bars on a chopper?
Gary Johnson
Benton, Arkansas

I have typed formal protests in petition form and have sent them to my Senator, Congressman, and State Representatives. As of this date I have received no answer.

I am a loner, and have no club to back me up. If there is anything I can do, please contact me.
Richard Nichols
Victoria, Texas

We have needed a massive organization to stop the laws that are killing our sport.
William Bookholt
Wayne, N.J.

I hope you can spread the urgency to all bikers!
John Davie
Bethel, Conn.

Join Today!

Don't put it off—the people who are making the laws aren't!

It's not necessary to use coupon—just put same info on separate sheet of paper—get your friends to join—we need a *loud* voice!

Big Willy's Revenge

—Continued from page 23

Spaced-out chicks are everywhere, as Reno and his buddies from the Booze Fighters M/C get mixed up in Big Willy's unreal world

"Can't complain, Reno — how about you?"

Tiny Tim broke in to ask Creepy if any more of the yard had gone down into the drink lately. Creepy nodded greetings to Jere and Little John. "Yeah, a six-foot-wide, twenty-foot-long slab went down last week with a big fuckin' *whaammp.*" He chuckled as he recalled the pandemonium that had followed. "Scared the livin' shit outta everybody. A coupla cats on acid split for the fence, and cut hell outta themselves on the barbed wire."

They were all laughing as they pictured the freaks scrambling out of the house and over the fence. They were all laughing, that is, except Tiny Tim, who brought them down with "What's so goddam funny? This whole fuckin' house could go over any minute."

Tiny Tim was one of those who thought the cliff was too near for comfort. He didn't mind the thought of dying on his chopper, but he didn't want to die in some stupid way "like goin' over a cliff while I'm sittin' on the goddam crapper."

Reno had to laugh at the deadly serious look on Tiny's face. The poor guy looked like he'd just swallowed a fly, and didn't know whether to barf, shit, or go blind. But goddammit, fear and seriousness and bullshit like that had no place in their plans right now. Reno slapped Tiny on the shoulder. "Well, you're not helpin' things any, ya big tubba shit—you should be standin' in the *back* of the house, holdin' it down."

Tiny finally worked up a grin. "You too, jelly-belly—we both better get to the back of the house."

Little John, as usual, had to add his two cents' worth. "Yeah, yeah, you two elephants get to the back of the house." And, pointing to Jere, he added, "And take hippo with you."

Little John, because of his small size (five-one and 125 pounds), had to be careful in his kidding around with his giant-size buddies (Reno was six-four and 267; Tiny Tim, six-one and 281; and Jere, six-one and 235). Even a playful pat from any one of them could jar Little John loose from his toenails. He had to keep an eye on them. Kidding around, they might "accidentally" step on his foot, poke him playfully (practically breaking his arm), give him a dutch rub (thereby removing patches of hair), or wrap him in a friendly (and lung-collapsing) bear hug.

Little was keeping his eye on Reno and Tiny, ready to jump in any one of six or more directions when he heard: "What's this *hippo* shit?" Oh-oh, he'd had his eye on the wrong pair. And sure enough, there it came—a poke on the upper arm from Jere that made Little John ready to swear that even his eyeballs rattled. He grabbed his arm and moaned. "Oohh, ow! Didja hafta hit me so hard, ya big turd!"

Jere laughed. "Whatta ya mean, hard? I only tapped ya."

"Tapped, shit. Ya blasted me." Then, knowing that complaints would get him nowhere, he tapped Jere on his huge chest. "You're lucky I don't stomp the shit outta ya—but I'll let ya off this time."

Jere looked at him solemnly. "Gee, thanks, Little."

Tiny pulled Little around to face him. "If a gnat hangs around with water buffalo, he sometimes gets stepped on."

Little John waved a warning finger at Tiny. "Keep it up, asshole, and I'll hafta kick the shit outta both of ya." Hearing snickers, he turned to Reno. "And you too, ya big shit."

Creepy, who had been watching the theatrics, commented, "Man, I was gonna lay some good grass on you guys, but it sounds like Little's got better stuff than I have." He asked Little John, "You got any more o' that shit on ya?"

Little looked at Creepy for a moment, stuck his nose up in the air in the best sneer he could muster, and snarled, "Eat it!"

That did it. The ice was broken. Everybody forgot about falling houses and involuntary cold seabaths, and began to concentrate on what they'd come here for.

The scene inside that house was straight out of a Fellini movie. It was unreal, incredible. In one corner of the big, cluttered living room a stark-naked, long-haired dude was balling an equally naked chick, halfway under a dirty army blanket that was about to fall off them. The humping was being done on a bare, filthy mattress that had been placed on the dust-covered floor. Alongside this couple, on the same mattress, another nude chick was wrapped in another nude dude's arms. This chick and her dude seemed to be asleep, but Reno wondered how they could be, what with the action going on right beside them, and the stereo music blasting away from two huge speakers that hung on the wall above them.

Not far from the mattress sat another (yep, nude) dude. He was contorted into some weird yoga posture on a giant pillow. He didn't seem to notice the balling couple. In fact, he didn't seem to notice anything—at least anything in this world. He just sat there with this eerie look on his face, staring off into space at something ordinary mortals will most likely never see.

No matter where Reno and company turned, there was something that grabbed their attention. In another corner sat two huge, old-fashioned sofas, facing each other; and between them was a long coffee table consisting of a wooden plank resting on two beer cases. A guy had crashed face-down on one of the sofas. On the other sofa were two giggling teenage girls (dressed, for a change, but barely) who toked—or rather, *puffed*—ineptly on joints. The chicks were apparently new at it; they laughed and giggled the smoke away as soon as they had inhaled it—*if* they inhaled it.

On the coffee table, along with at least a dozen ashtrays, various soft drink bottles, empty beer cans, matchbooks, and empty glasses of every size and description, sat a dude (this one mostly dressed but with his fly open) who was facing the giggling chicks and enjoying himself by shooting beaver as the chicks exposed themselves in their new-found revelry.

Creepy, amused at Reno's and the others' slack-jawed, bug-eyed staring, didn't say a word as he passed out a joint to each of them. Hardly noticing Creepy, Reno accepted the joint automatically; he was hung up on a chick lying behind one of the sofas, face up, her head resting on her purse. Her eyes were closed. She squirmed and twisted to the rhythm of the stereo music. Her mini-skirt had worked up to just above her pubic area, and the dark, pooched-out V-shape behind thin, lacy panties at the juncture of her thighs was a special turn-on for Reno. Very feminine. And Reno really dug feminine women.

He pulled his eyes away from the squirming chick and moved to the center of the room, looking briefly around for Willy. Pot smoke was thick in the air. Reno took a deep breath and held it. "Man," he marveled aloud, "a guy could get contacted just by walking into this dump!"

Nobody reacted to his joke. His buddies were still hung up on the action taking place all around the room. Little John had already started for the kitchen, where he had spotted yet another nude chick, this one washing dishes. Tiny couldn't get his eyes off the screwing couple, and Jere was in love with the lace panties squirming on the floor.

Creepy walked over and shook the dude who had crashed on the sofa, and got him to move to another room. As the guy stumbled off, Creepy offered the sofa to Reno and his friends.

Reno couldn't get over the fact that no one acknowledged anybody else. He guessed it was because of Willy's business—no one wanted to know anyone else. But he was still amazed that no one in the room showed the slightest indication that they were aware of strangers in the house. Nothing stopped even momentarily, screwing or anything else. It was weird to be in such a potentially hot situation with no one being the least bit paranoid. Reno finally decided that it must be the fence that gave them such a feeling of security.

He noticed that even as Tiny and Jere sat down on the sofa opposite the giggling teenagers, close behind the dude sitting on the coffee table, nothing stopped. The chicks kept giggling, and the dude kept zeroing in on the chicks' beavers. Only one thing changed: now there were *three* guys—Tiny, Jere, and the dude—digging on the chicks' beavers.

Reno chuckled at the sight of Tiny Tim trying to be nonchalant about the whole thing and at the same time twisting his thick neck almost out of joint to get a better look up along the sprawled teenage legs to the target area. Jere was even funnier. He wasn't trying to be nonchalant at all; he was simply staring, bug-eyed and drooling.

Reno shook his head and turned away, sauntering down the hall toward the back of the house in search of Willy, finally finding him in his bedroom "office," talking on the telephone. Without interrupting his conversation, Willy acknowledged Reno with a jerk of his head and pointed to a bowl on the top of the dresser.

Moving over to the dresser, Renc looked down into the bowl. It was full of joints. He stirred them around with a big forefinger, searching for the best of what looked like a good lot — momentarily forgetting that Creepy had already given him a choice one (and also forgetting that he'd sworn off the damn things—again—just a few days ago). He picked out a firm, fat one and sat down on a chair near the bed, waiting for Willy to finish his phone business.

On the point of lighting up, he obeyed a gut feeling that told him not to. That impressive-looking fence didn't kill any part of his personal paranoia. He knew that out of all the people in the house there were only five that he could trust: his three buddies, Creepy, and Willy. And then there were all the underage chicks flaked out all over the place. He decided that even if he did get loaded he wouldn't enjoy it—the place was just too damned hot. He looked at the joint, sighed, and slipped it into his boot, his fingers brushing the joint Creepy had already given him. Jesus! He'd have to watch that crap. Didn't pay to be forgetful about joints. Goddammit, he was gonna *hafta* swear off. But, naturally, that thought didn't make him take out the two joints and tear them up in righteous renunciation of the evil habit.

He leaned back in his chair and looked at Willy, whose free arm was waving around in the air like a signalman's as he talked into the phone. At first glance, Willy appeared to be fat. But a second glance changed *fat* to *chunky*—big hunks of muscle on a five-eight frame. Willy was fat in the same way the center on a pro football team is fat. The roundness of his head was accentuated by his closely cropped, Marine-recruit-style haircut—a total contrast to the long-haired hippie types who worked for him. He was always clean shaven, and he dressed like a straight, with slacks, boots, and a conservative, starched, long-sleeved shirt, worn with the collar open and the sleeves rolled up two turns. His light complexion was broken up by small white scars around his eyes, in his brows, on his cheekbones—little telltale battle decorations from his boxing days.

Reno shifted on his chair, getting bored and a little edgy. Christ, that Willy must run up some god-awful phone bills. Reno grabbed a copy of the newspaper *Screw* off the bed and started going through it. His boredom evaporated. He felt like a voyeur outside the windows of a girls' dormitory. Jeezus, could those be for real? He didn't hear Willy hang up the phone. He was all hung up on *Screw* until Willy poked a playful finger through the paper and almost up Reno's nose. "Come on," Willy said, "let's circulate."

Reno dropped the paper on the bed, stretched, groaned, and said, "Christ, I thought you'd never get off that damned phone."

But Willy wasn't listening. He moved over to the nightstand beside the bed and grabbed a handful of sunflower seeds out of a bowl. He started for the door, motioning for Reno to follow him. "Come on, let's go to another room. That phone'll bug the shit out of us if we don't."

Reno bent over the bed for a last, lingering look at *Screw*. "Okay," he said to Willy, "but I want you to know right now—you're not my type."

Willy cracked a seed with his front teeth, scooping out the kernel and tossing it into his mouth. "Sorry, man, I don't have any eight-year-olds tonight, but I can fix you up with a freaky ten-year-old nympho." He grinned, poking Reno in the ribs with a hard finger.

Reno straightened up from his anatomical studies in *Screw*. He looked at the wide gaps between the front teeth exposed by Willy's grin, and he grinned back. "Okay, you fuckin' jack o' lantern, I'll take you up on that."

They walked down the hall to another door. Willy opened it slightly and looked in. Then he turned to Reno: "Sorry, man, but the ten-year-old's out on house calls tonight." Then, with all the flourish of a high-toned butler admitting a VIP guest, he opened the door wide. "But," he smirked, "how would you like a go at that?"

Reno stared down at a rumpled bed containing a naked chick. (Christ, how many peeled tomatoes were there in this joint?) The chick

was sprawled face-down. Her body was perfect. She had a smooth, golden tan, except for a band of white crossing up and over each delicious, meaty mound of her butt, where her next-to-nothing bikini must have shielded her.

Reno was undone. Tearing his eyes away from her soft, two-toned fanny, he noticed that she didn't have the usual band of white across her upper back. That meant topless sunning, and Reno felt a sharp envy of the sun as he mentally nibbled on her. All kinds of erotic thoughts were making him dizzy as he stared down at that flawless body.

Willy broke up the dream. "Well, asshole, you want it?"

Reno was confused, both by Willy's question and by the remnants of the interrupted hot fantasies. Was Willy kiddin'? The chick stirred on the bed, and Reno's eyes went back to her. She was obviously awake now, but she made no effort to cover herself. Jesus, Willy *had* to be puttin' him on. She was *too* perfect. Willy would never . . . His mind swimming, Reno shook his head, hearing himself say, "No, man, I'll wait for the nympho."

The chick chose that particular moment to roll over on her side to lie facing the two guys. Reno's throat went dry as he watched big, soft-firm breasts roll and quiver and finally snuggle down together as the chick's body stopped turning. The girl's big dark eyes were staring straight into Reno's and, churned-up as he was, he could swear she was trying to tell him something without opening her mouth. Her face was absolutely without expression, but Reno could still swear that those huge eyes were trying to tell him something. He didn't have the faintest idea of how to go about asking what the message might be. And then the moment ended. The great, midnight eyes dropped and the chick rolled lazily off the bed, blew Willy a kiss, gave Reno another expressionless look full of some mysterious message, and headed with a slinking, undulating stride toward the door.

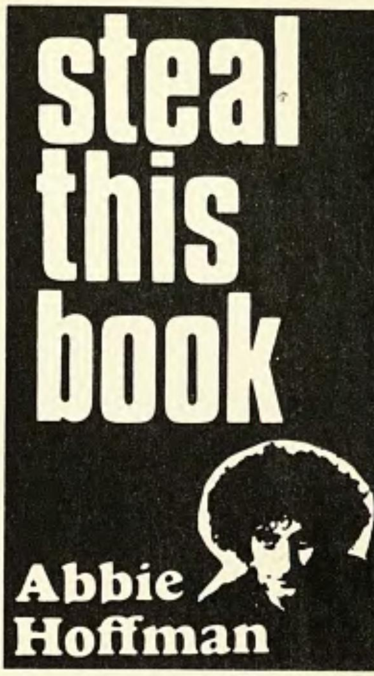
Reno watched her go, trying frantically to think of something to say to keep her there with him and Willy, but coming up with nothing at all. What in hell did you say to a chick who had just heard you turn down an offer of her body? He tried to watch rolling breasts and swaying buttocks at the same time as the chick sort of slithered through the door and disappeared down the hall. The net result of his efforts was a feeling of eyestrain coupled with frustration. He kept watching the empty doorway for a long minute after the chick had disappeared, and he wondered suddenly if Willy might *not* have been kidding in his offer. *Oh Jesus,* he thought miserably, *if I ever find out Willy was serious about lettin' me make it with her, I'll cut my stupid fuckin' throat.*

He couldn't leave it alone. It was like a sore tooth that you can't keep your tongue away from. He turned to Willy. "Christ, she's fantastic. She's *gotta* be your chick." Then the tongue in the tooth: "Is she?" He looked back toward the door. "Man, she's unreal!"

Willy did an admirable job of hiding any pride he might have felt as a result of Reno's obvious envy. He made the whole thing sound like a mere nothing. "Yeah," he said, apparently mightily bored. "She came by one night last week and wanted to crash." He plopped down on the bed and put his handful of sunflower seeds down beside him. "I told her she'd hafta crash with me, and she said okay." He took his time cracking a seed and dropping the shell into an ashtray on the nightstand. Then he glanced up at Reno and grinned, enjoying the jealous look on Reno's tight face. "We been makin' it together ever since."

Reno sank onto a nearby chair and shook his head in disbelief at the dream life Willy lived. Everything around here was incredible. The idea of that hunk of perfection balling Willy just for a place to crash seemed like something out of an X-rated movie script. Shit, something like that would never happen to Reno. The feeling of frustration began to rise again. He had to know more about that chick. He looked over at Willy, and he simply couldn't tie the two of them together. Willy wasn't exactly what could be called a ladies' man. Reno waited for Willy to finish cracking another seed, and then he couldn't resist asking, "Were you shuckin' me when you offered her to me?" Before Willy could answer, Reno added, pleadingly, "Say you were kiddin', or I'll take a swan dive off your fuckin' cliff."

Willy quit enjoying Reno's discomfort. Willy was no fool. He was proud of his ability to pick and choose his broads, but he didn't kid himself. He knew that the picking and choosing was possible only because of his endless supply of choice drugs and his seemingly endless supply of spending stuff. Oh, there were those times when he ran into a chick who really appreciated his craftsmanship in the sack—but most of the ones he ran into were lifeless, strung-out dopeheads with perfect young bodies but no finesse—or interest—in any facet of lovemaking. This one, the one Reno was so hung up on right now, was one of the dead ones, as Willy knew from personal experience. She had burned out all physical desires except the one for drugs. Sex or any other nor-



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mal body drive meant nothing to her any more. Hell, someday she'd probably die from malnutrition in the middle of a crazy high. Willy sighed. Screwing her was like screwing a girl who was reading a magazine while she munched on an apple. She didn't actually do either of those two things, but she might as well have, as far as Willy was concerned. He sighed again. With everything a guy could possibly want in a girl—visually—she was a hunk of dead meat when she was in bed with a guy.

Reno still had that tight, jealous, turned-on look on his face, and Willy began to feel actually sorry for the guy. He wondered if he should tell the cold truth about the girl, but he knew Reno'd never believe it. So, he simply answered Reno's question. "Shit, why should I kid you? You can ball her any time. I couldn't care less."

Reno felt suddenly weak. So Willy hadn't been kiddin' after all. And now Reno thought he understood the message the big black eyes had been flashing at him. Horse's ass, they'd been calling him. Just a big, dumb horse's ass. And Reno tended to agree. In fact, he reflected bitterly, when bigger horses' asses are made, I'll be all of 'em.

"You gotta be kiddin'," he said uncertainly to Willy.

"Come off it, Reno," Willy snapped. "I said you could, and you can. She'll do anything I tell her to."

"Yeah, but I just turned her down. She heard me. What the hell's she gonna—"

Willy cut him off. "You heard me. She does what I tell her to do." He looked at Reno hard, and then what conscience he had left made him add: "She's a lousy lay anyhow. I don't have to worry about you long-dongin' me." There. If Reno couldn't take a hint—well, that was tough shit. He'd learn the hard way.

Now Reno was getting turned on again, but he still had to ask one question. He had not the slightest urge to get racked up for statutory rape. "Uh, she looked pretty young, Willy. How old is she?"

Willy waved off any further discussion. "Shit, I don't know. They always lie, so I don't bother asking any more—who cares, anyway?"

Reno cared—he cared a hell of a lot—but he didn't want to say so. Instead, he asked, "Don't you worry about one of those teeners turnin' you in?"

Willy's patience was wearing thin. Christ, what had he started? And why in hell had he ever started it? Now he'd have to lay it all out for Reno; there'd be no peace in the house until he did. He spoke slowly and with emphasis, like a teacher explaining a very simple problem to a very retarded student:

"No, man, they won't turn me in. They lay with everybody. Most of them are runaways, and they've balled so long for food and a place to crash that they don't think anything of it—in fact, most of them think guys like you and me are weird, because we are so hung up on sex." Willy interrupted his lecture to crack another nut and toss the shell into the ashtray. Munching on the tiny kernel, he went on: "They don't understand what the excitement's all about. That's why the porno boys like using them. There's nothing the chicks won't do. They fuck, suck, you name it—and all they get for it is about twenty-five bucks. Now, for chrissake, Reno, you got any more dumb questions?"

Reno's thoughts ran over various stag films he'd seen lately, and he imagined himself practicing some of the finer points with the chick who'd just left the room where Willy was being so very explanatory. He grinned at Willy.

"Thanks, teacher. And yeah, I have got another dumb question: When you gonna fix me up?"

Willy immediately brightened as if he'd been waiting for just this moment. "As soon as we get finished with our business."

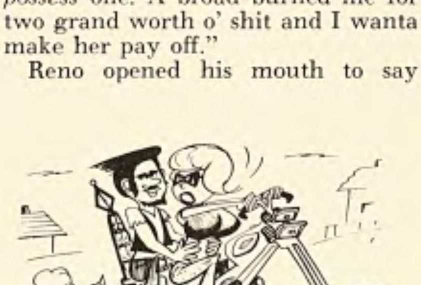
Reno leaned his chair back against the wall, but ordinary chair legs tend to protest when 267 pounds are piled onto only two of them, and Reno got ready to jump. The legs held, and Reno relaxed. "Great," he said. "What are we waitin' for?"

Willy came straight to the point. "I want you to snatch a chopper."

Reno came forward in his chair, ignoring the protest set up by all four legs this time. "Snatch? You mean rip one off?" He was amazed that Willy would even suggest it. "No, man, I couldn't rip off a chopper—hell, that'd be like fuckin' some guy's mother."

Willy looked disgusted at Reno's righteousness, but he went along with it. "No, asshole, I mean *repossess* one. A broad burned me for two grand worth o' shit and I wanta make her pay off."

Reno opened his mouth to say something, but Willy cut him off.



"Awright, wise guy, let's use some *other* signals for 'left' and 'right'!"

"If it was some fuckin' guy, I'd have him worked over—break his arm or something. A guy respects force. He respects the fact that he might get stomped if he crosses somebody. But a dumb fuckin' broad doesn't even think about it. She thinks her snatch'll get her out of anything."

Reno's mind was still more than halfway on the chick, and he hadn't picked up on just how deadly serious Willy was about all this. "Uh-huh," he said, "you let some sweet little thing get to you, huh?"

Willy glared. His eyes narrowed and he spoke very slowly: "No, goddammit, she wasn't one of the dumb cunts you see running around here." His voice got louder and tighter. "She was one of my best goddam dealers." He clenched his fists. "Then, two weeks ago, the lousy cunt burned me!" His fist came down with a thud on the bed, and sunflower seeds flew like hail all over the bedroom. "I could *kill* that cunt!" he half-yelled. Then he slumped and sat hunched over, staring at the floor.

Reno watched him. There was sure as hell more to it than just a two-grand burn—Willy carried more than that on him as pocket money. He wouldn't get all *that* undone about money. When it looked as though Willy might have calmed down a bit, Reno said, "I know a coupla bad broads that would be happy to work her over for you."

Willy straightened up tiredly. "No, that won't work with her. I've got to grab something she really digs—force her into paying."

"And you think ripping off her chopper would do it?"

Willy searched over the bed for a seed. "Yeah. She's a freak about bikes, and her chopper's her baby—and I mean baby. There's something about a chopper that turns her on. She's so gone on them that she even likes hanging out with chopper freaks that she's got nothing else in common with."

Reno thought about it. "Yeah," he said finally, "sounds to me like a ripoff would do the trick. When do you want it done?"

"Right now—or at least as soon as possible." Willy reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a handful of business cards and notes on various scraps of paper. He went through the notes, found what he was looking for, and handed it to Reno. "Here's all the jazz on her—everything you'll need to know."

Reno was impressed with the gal's address. "Man, she sure lives in the right part of town."

"Yeah," Willy snorted. "She lived there to be on a level with her customers, mostly starlets and young

asshole actors." He thought for a moment. "The dumb cunt really had it knocked—all kinds of business, but she couldn't keep her mind on it. She got around those people, and then wanted to get into the movies herself." He got up, stretched, walked over to the window, and stared out to sea. "Then she started screwing everybody she thought could do her any good."

Reno held back the impulse to say, "Including you." Willy was getting worked up again, and there was no sense in adding to it.

Willy went on, staring out over the ocean, talking as much to himself as to Reno. "Can you believe I leased her apartment for her? She said she needed it—to be on the right social level. What an asshole I was. I even bought her clothes and jewelry. I fell in love with the cunt. Me. Willy. King Shit, falling for a hundred-dollar-a-night girl. Can you imagine?"

Reno kept his mouth strictly shut.

"Me," Willy went on, "me, with hot and cold running broads all over the place, falling for a cunt that didn't even know I was alive, unless she wanted something. Not just a cunt, but a rotten, no good, thievin', dirty, two-faced, back-stabbin' bitch! She not only burned me for two grand, but she took in a pimple-faced, snotty-nosed son of some big-shit producer to live with her—in *my* apartment—*my* bed!"

It was all pouring out, and Reno just sat there and listened. He'd never thought Willy capable of so much intense emotion.

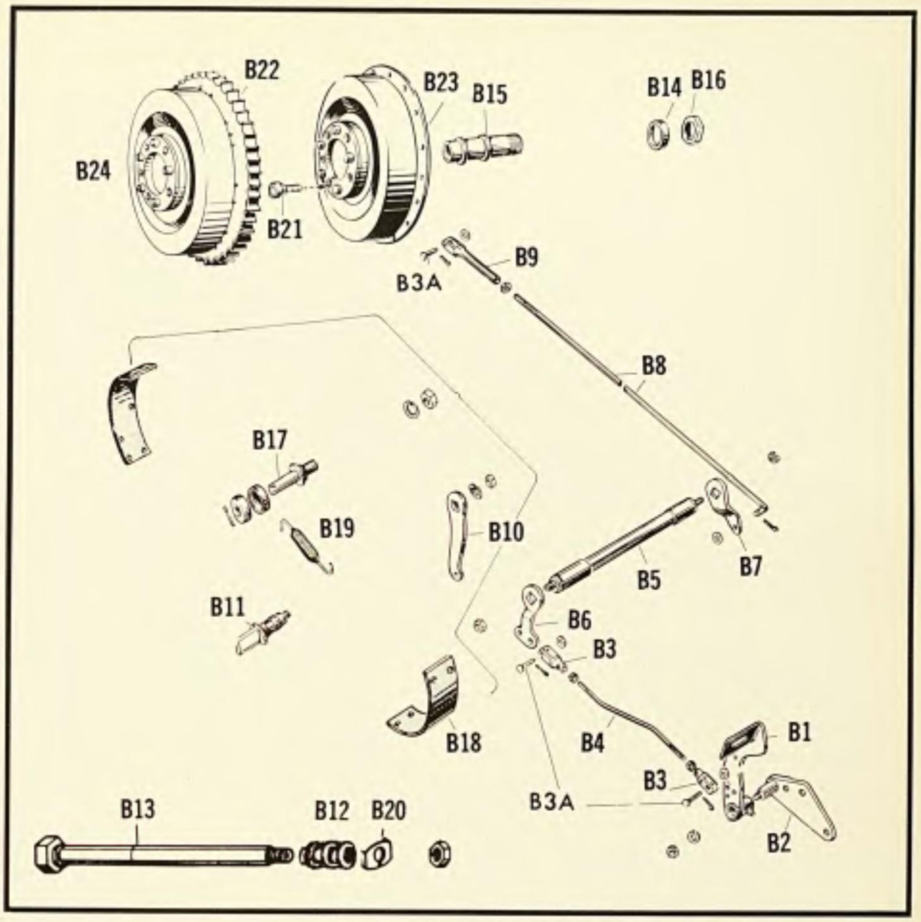
"I took her from twenty-five bucks a trick right up to the top. She's made plenty of bread off me. And not only bread. I gave her a lot of things—I'm ashamed to say how much I wasted on her. And after all that, she steals two grand from me and runs off with some punk kid." Willy turned suddenly from the window and stared at Reno almost like a lawyer challenging a witness. "Can you believe that? Can you imagine it?"

Reno just sat there and shook his head in sympathy.

"She told me she loved me. And what pisses me off is, I believed her. Big Willy, asshole Willy, believed her. Can you imagine some twat getting to me?"

Reno felt that he had to say something — anything — he couldn't just sit there any longer. "She must be some kind of a broad to turn you around."

But Willy was continuing his list of woes even as Reno spoke. "Physically she's perfect—but inside she's rotten to the core. She'll lie, steal, cheat—do anything to get what she wants. She'd burn her own mother for a nickel, the lousy, stinkin'



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bitch!"

Reno decided to get out of there. Willy was obviously uptight mainly because the broad had dumped him for somebody else. The two grand just added insult to injury. Okay, it was too bad. But it was Willy's problem, and only Willy could solve it. The ripoff of the chick's bike—well, hell, it wasn't really a ripoff at all. It was more like poetic justice. The chick had hurt Willy, and so, with Reno's help, Willy would hurt the chick right back. And besides, Reno could use the bread. He took advantage of a break in Willy's tirade to ask, "How much for rippin' off the bike?"

Willy was all wrapped up in his own thoughts.

"Hey, Willy! How much for the bike ripoff?"

Willy came out of it. "Huh? Oh. Well, I was thinkin' maybe a couple of bills—more if you have any hassles."

Reno frowned at the word *hassles*, and Willy quickly added, "There won't be any hassles. She keeps it in an underground garage and uses a mickey mouse cable lock—just take some snips with you."

Reno stood up, grinned at Willy, and offered, "For a few bucks extra, I'll sic Tiny on her boyfriend."

"No, first I want my dough. It's bad enough to lose a broad to a punk, but to have her run off with my money is something I can't live with." He answered Reno's grin with a nasty one of his own. "Maybe later I'll take you up on both your offers—Tiny *and* the two bad broads."

Reno put out his hand. "It's a deal."

They shook and headed for the door. "Any chance of you fixin' me up with that chick before we leave?" Reno wanted to know.

"Which one? The ten-year-old, or the one that was in here?"

Reno laughed. "Either one, man, either one."

They went looking for Willy's chick of the week.

When they finally found her, still nude, and still expressionless, Willy pulled her aside for a confidential little chat. Listening to Willy, the chick looked over at Reno with those big black eyes and shrugged her shoulders with a who-cares attitude.

Reno missed the look she gave him; he was watching her fantastic knockers—and he wished fervently that she'd shrug again—and again—and. . . .

And then she was walking over toward him, knockers swaying and bouncing, hips rocking. Jesus, Reno thought, *everything* moves on this chick, and moves just right. She stopped in front of him and just stood there, looking up at him. Her face was as expressionless as ever, but that didn't bother Reno. He wasn't looking at her face anyway. He grabbed her by the hand and almost dragged her out of the room and down the hall.

Later, ready to split the scene, Reno expected to find his buddies flaked out all over the place, but was surprised to find them bright-eyed and ready to go, except for Little John. He wasn't in sight.

"I thought I'd find you guys wasted—or asleep. What happened?"

Tiny Tim grinned. "Willy had some chick make us some coffee, and then he gave us some help to go with it—and man, we're ready. Ain't that right, Jere?"

"Yeah. And while a one-way guy, whose name I won't mention, was ballin' a kid right out of the cradle, we just sat on our asses and waited."

Reno made a sour face. "You guys won't believe this, but it was nothing. A big, fat zero—the worst I ever had."

"Yeah?" Tiny didn't believe a word of it. "That's what *she* told us about *you*."

"That's right," Jere chimed in, adding, "Shine it on, man!"

Remembering the hint Willy had given him—the hint that he hadn't believed, either—Reno decided to drop the whole matter. There was nothing he could say to convince these guys he was telling them the simple truth. "Come on," he said, "let's split. We've got a job to do." He looked around. "Where's Little?"

Tiny jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "He's outside somewhere, with some chick. We yelled for him, but he didn't answer."

"Yeah," Jere said with a laugh. "The stingy bastard's like you. He won't share his broad."

"Or," Tiny smirked, "he's got his head buried so deep he can't hear us."

Reno turned and yelled down the hall, "Later, Willy." No reply. Reno headed for the door, noting that there were four couples asleep on the dirty mattress in the middle of the floor, all eight bodies trying to huddle under the same dirty army blanket.

Outside, the three guys found their bike seats soaked with heavy dew—and not a rag in the crowd. They used their hands as squeegees, and then sat on the cold, wet seats to finish the drying process with body heat.

"Where we headed?" Jere asked. "Willy didn't say what's up."

"We're gonna repossess a bike."

"That's all?" Tiny was disappointed. "You mean we stopped our good times in there just to rip off a bike?"

"Yeah, that's all we have to do—and we split two bills."

"Two bills?" Tiny felt better. "You talked me into it—where we goin'?"

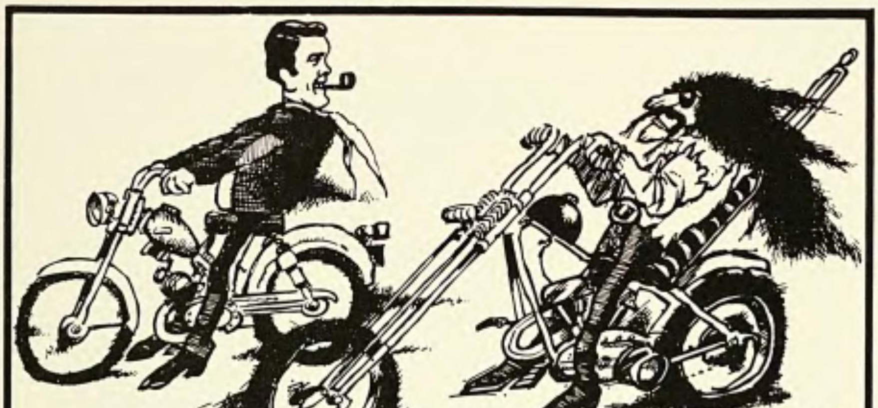
Reno jumped on his starter to prime the engine. "First, we've got to go to the Joint and borrow Moose's panel and a pair of snips. Last one there buys."

After a frenzy of priming and finally firing the engines, they all three warmed up while Creepy opened the gate for them. Tiny got the jump on the others, blasting through, with inches to spare, as soon as he figured the gate was far enough open. Reno and Jere, side by side, were hot on his tail, eating the dust and gravel thrown up by Tiny's straining rear wheel as he burned out onto the highway.

Behind them, unknown to them, Little John was trying to run for his bike and put on his pants at the same time. "Wait," he yelled as Creepy started to close the gate, "don't shut it!"

It was a hairy ride back to the Joint. Jere and Reno, with their big 80s, were faster than Tiny and his 74, but Tiny had more hair. In fact,

"Wanna drag?"



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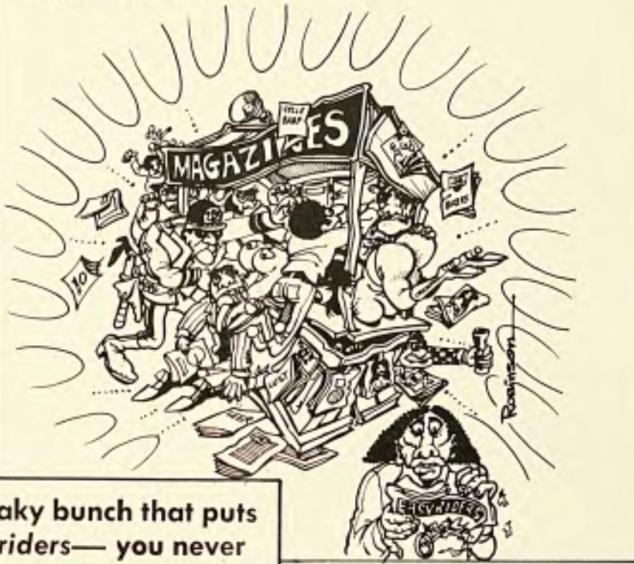

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Tiny sometimes had more hair than brains. He went through intersections full-bore, as often as not on the yellow light; he passed on the right when he shouldn't have been passing at all; he even cut through the driveways of gas stations that were closed for the night, rather than wait for a signal. Turned on by the challenge, he would risk his life—and God knows what else—rather than lose a race and have to buy the round of beers.

Reno came in last by a wheel and had to buy. They borrowed Moose's truck and a pair of snips from Rip-off Richard. They took a six-pack with them to drink on the way to the broad's pad.

They had no way of knowing that, behind them, Little John had barely missed them again. Seeing their bikes at the Joint, he'd assumed they were inside. And nobody inside could give him even a hint as to where the three had gone in the panel, or even why they'd borrowed it.

It was a tight fit in the seat of the panel, but with Tiny and Reno each hanging an arm out an open window they were able to make it with the six-pack. And with Tiny driving, weren't cramped for long. In what seemed a little less than no time, they were across the street from the chick's apartment.

Reno jumped out and went over to check the underground garage. No bike in sight. To make sure he was at the right address, he went up to the lobby of the apartment house and checked the mailboxes. There it was, all right: Melody McLain. Under her typed name was hand-written Saul Steinberg.

Reno went back to the truck to tell the others there'd be a wait.

Tiny was antsy. "You mean we gotta just sit on our asses and wait? Shit, she might be out all night." His foot was tapping as he unconsciously burned up excess energy. "What if she lent it to somebody? What if she has the damn thing in bed with her?"

"You're right. I'll call her. If she answers, we'll know there's something up with that bike."

Reno and Tiny went in search of a phone booth while Jere stayed with the truck to watch the apartment house for signs of the chick.

Once, twice, three times, the phone rang at the other end of the line. Four, five. Reno was beginning to think nobody was home. Then, somebody picked up the ringing phone and a male voice said, "Hello?"

Reno hung up instantly.

Tiny, noting the lack of conversation, said, "Not home, eh?"

"Somebody's there, but it was a dude that answered—probably the cat she's got living with her."

"Well, if he's there, then *she* must be there."

"Yeah, maybe. But what if he's crashin' and she's out jammin' on the bike?"

Tiny scowled. "Shit! You mean no action? We just gonna sit and wait?"

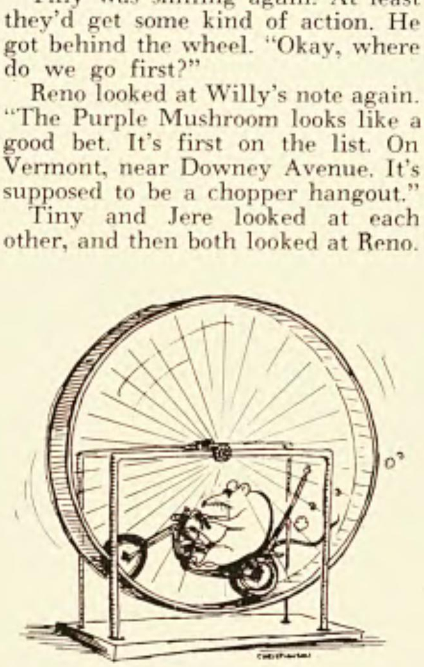
A little irritated at Tiny's impatience, Reno said, "Hell, Tiny, I don't know. Let's go see what Jere says."

The three of them discussed it. Reno got out Willy's note and studied it. They decided to go around to a few spots where she was in the habit of hanging out with other chopper freaks. Later, if they hadn't found her by then, they'd circle back by the apartment.

Tiny was smiling again. At least they'd get some kind of action. He got behind the wheel. "Okay, where do we go first?"

Reno looked at Willy's note again. "The Purple Mushroom looks like a good bet. It's first on the list. On Vermont, near Downey Avenue. It's supposed to be a chopper hangout."

Tiny and Jere looked at each other, and then both looked at Reno.



In unison, they said, "The Purple Mushroom?"

"Yeah. Why? What about it?"

Tiny and Jere both started to talk again, but then Tiny got the van moving and yielded to Jere. "The Purple Mushroom — you know what that is?"

Reno shook his head, puzzled by their almost violent reaction to the name.

"That's where the Highway Losers hang out," Jere said. Seeing that the name didn't register with Reno, he added, "They're the assholes we had a beef with a few months ago—and I mean a bad one. Right, Tiny?"

"Bad for them—but I dug it. We sent three of their members to the hospital." Tiny was grinning happily at the memory.

Jere went on: "We can't go in there—at least Tiny and I can't. We'd have to take on the whole place."

Reno was amazed at the coincidence. "No shit—what was the beef about?"

Jere sneered. "Oh, you might say they're the new breed. In our club, as you know damn well, a man fights with his fists and his feet. Man to man. But some of the new clubs are made up of some bad dudes—the types that would use knives or guns instead of fists. They think they're bad. And I guess in the sense that they'll kill you, they are bad. But when it comes to being bad on a man-to-man basis—well, hell, they're punks—gunsels."

"Yeah," Tiny grunted. "When we kick the shit outta each other, we're still friends, but them assholes . . ." He looked ready to barf.

"That's right," Jere agreed. "In our older clubs we can have a drunken, knock-down fight, and when it's over it's over. But these punks shoot—usually from ambush—or stick a knife in your back."

"Okay, okay," Reno said impatiently. "So they're bad. But you still haven't told me what the beef was between the Booze Fighters and them."

"I was getting to that. These phony would-be outlaw clubs are made up of guys like I just described. They play the part of bad guys, and then they've got to live up to the part, to maintain the image they've created. The older clubs, like the Booze Fighters, live to ride. All they want to do is eat, sleep, fuck, fight—and ride. They're real riders. But the punks aren't. They couldn't do a figure-eight if their lives depended on it."

Reno's impatience was mounting. "Christ, Jere, will you get off the lecture and onto the beef you had with these bad guys?"

Jere grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, sure. It's just that punks of any kind gore hell outta me. Anyway, you know Doug? No? Well, Doug and his ol' lady were caught on a run by six of the Highway Losers. Doug had a flat, and these creeps came up as if to help him, and then, without a word, started pounding on him. Then they dragged him and his ol' lady back into the trees and gang-banged her while they made him watch. When we got word of what had happened, we decided not to raid the bar where they hung out, because that would mean police hassles. We just waited for their regular club run to Barkerville, about two months later. By that time, the Losers probably figured we were chickenshit, and they didn't have a thing to worry about. Well, we waited till they were all juiced and enjoying themselves, and then about twenty-five of us came in on them from all directions. We started stomping everything and everybody in sight. We didn't get to finish the job, because the heat got there too

soon, but we had enough time to ruin a hell of a lot of them."

Tiny gripped the wheel. "I'd like to go in that bar and stomp some more—but they probably have a gun or two in there, and I'd get my head blasted."

Reno thought it over. "Well," he said, "they don't know me. I could go in, if anybody has to go in."

"Hey," Tiny suddenly blurted, "is that it? That dumb-lookin' Captain America thing?" He was pointing toward a red, white, and blue panhead chopper parked in the street directly below a big sign that informed them they were approaching the Purple Mushroom. There were a few other Hogs, a Honda, and two Yamahas parked there too.

"Yeah," Reno said, "that looks like it. Pull over and let me go check the plates."

Tiny pulled in to the curb a few doors down from the bar. Reno got out and strolled casually past the parked bikes. Yeah, it was the right number, all right. Now he had to figure how to do the job. The back wheel was locked with a cable, but not to any other bike, so he didn't have to snip it. The three of them could lift the back end and roll the bike on its front wheel up the plank into the panel—or, if they had to, they could probably actually lift the machine into the truck. Reno strolled back to the panel.

"That's it. Now all we've got to do is get the damn thing away before she comes out." He went on to explain his thoughts on the actual operation.

They looked the street over. It was getting late, and traffic was light. They could double-park and snatch the bike fast enough to avoid holding up traffic—but what if the heat came by at just the wrong moment? It'd be better to pull around into the side street. Full darkness wasn't far off now, and the side street was poorly lit. Not only that, but there was almost no traffic at all on that street. They could wrestle the bike into the truck with little fear of interruption from anybody.

Tiny pulled around the corner and parked. Reno opened the back doors and put down the plank that Moose had made for the very purpose of loading and unloading bikes. Moose liked to truck his bikes to locations and then putt around from there. He did this especially on long runs, because his wife no longer dug riding a bike on long hauls. Right now Reno was glad that Moose had made the plank, and that he was always willing to lend his truck to a Booze Fighter, no questions asked.

With the plank in place, the three walked around the corner to the front of the bar. Reno volunteered to

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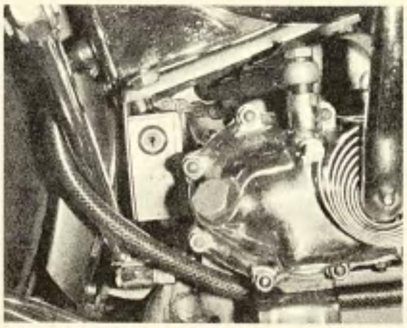

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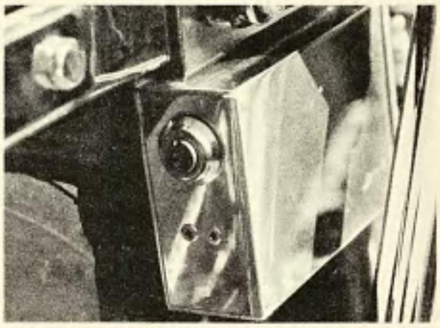

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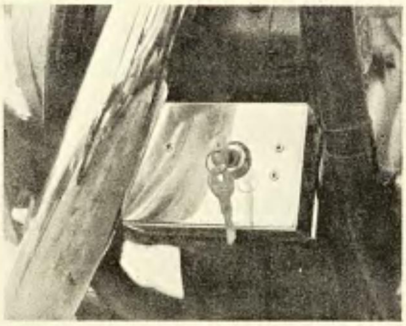

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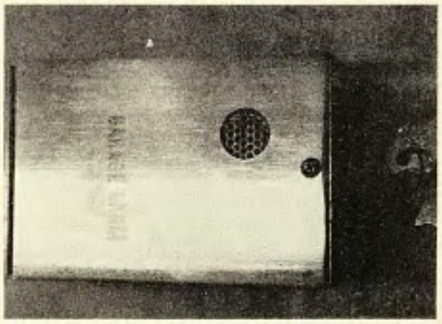

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block the door in case somebady wanted to come at a bad moment. He planted his big right boot against the bottom of the door and nodded to Tiny and Jere. Those two immediately grabbed the sissy bar of the chick's 74 and hoisted the rear end. Jere guided the front wheel with one hand as they shoved the machine around the corner, grunting and straining, but moving right along. As soon as they had disappeared around the corner, Reno left the doorway and took off after them.

He'd no sooner left the doorway than a Highway Loser came out. This guy noticed instantly that Melody's chopper was gone. He knew that she was inside, and that automatically meant that her bike should be parked out here. He saw Reno running for the corner, and he put two and two together. He opened the door and yelled into the bar:

"Hey, some guy's are rippin' off Melody's bike!"

As if he'd pulled a plug, guys came pouring out the door. The first dude was already at the corner, pointing down the side street and screaming, "Down here! Down here!"

As the crowd reached the corner, Reno was just pushing the back doors shut. Tiny was gunning the engine. Jere was already in beside Tiny. Reno ran around the truck and jumped in. Tiny dug out, highballing down the dark street with his lights off.

Back at the bar, bike engines started roaring. Melody McLain hopped on the back of one of the first bikes to get started, urging full speed as the driver took off from in front of the bar, around the corner, and down the side street in pursuit of the panel.

Tiny drove the panel the same way he rode his bike. He went like hell most of the time. But he cooled it when he thought the heat might be around. All they needed right now was to be pulled over by some cop, with that ratpack steaming up behind them. He had enough of a lead on the bikes that they couldn't catch up with him without breaking more than a few laws—and he knew that the Highway Losers *and* their bikes were so hot that they didn't want to be stopped by the police—even if they were on a righteous mission.

Because of the lead, they decided that Reno would get out and get to a phone to call Willy to have the gates open and the outside floodlights on for them. At the next traffic light, Reno jumped out and jogged to a phone booth, leaving the door open so the light wouldn't come on. He dialed Willy's number and then swung around to watch the pursuing bikes as they flashed by. Creepy answered, and Reno gave him the word. Then he called the Joint and got Little John on the horn, asking him to drop by the phone booth, and to bring along a few Fighters — they might be needed.

In the panel, the pinch was on. On the last stretch, most of the traffic lights were off at night, and this gave the advantage to the bikes. They were closing the gap fast.

Coming up to Willy's gate, Tiny turned in on two wheels, almost turning the panel over. Just inside the gate, he stood on the brakes, to keep from going down the slope—or maybe even over the cliff. The truck hadn't completely stopped before Willy was at the back doors, opening them. Tiny grabbed the snips and cut the cable on the bike's rear wheel, and they rolled the bike down the ramp. They headed it for the steps leading down the embankment, Tiny and Jere pushing hard and Willy steering. Creepy, seeing that he was only getting in the way, ran for the gate, to close it, but before he could get to it a Highway Loser came blasting in off the road. Being unfamiliar with the terrain, this guy went over the top of the slope, down the embankment, and shot off into the brush and rocks, luckily for him, short of the cliff.

Tiny, hearing the uproar, left Willy and Jere to take the bike down the steps and rushed back toward the gate as a second Highway Loser came hot-shoeing it in off the road. This guy had a little better control, but it didn't do him much good. Before he could turn off his engine and get off the seat, Tiny turned *him* off with a big right fist to the side of the head. "That'll teach ya to wear your helmet next time," Tiny yelled as the dude flopped sideways with his engine revving up. Tiny reached down and shut off the engine, and then gave the guy the boot just to make sure he stayed out of the action.

In the meantime Willy and Jere had taken the chick's bike out toward the edge of the cliff and hidden it in the brush. They heard the not-too-distant roar of engines, and immediately headed back toward the gate.

Tiny was running like mad for the gate, but he saw that he'd never get it closed. The oncoming Highway Losers were too close. So he just stopped running and stepped well over to the side. Let the bastards pile up when they hit the slope, like that first dude.

And pile up they did. As soon as the ground fell away from under them, they lost control. Bikes flew in all directions, along with riders. Tiny, like the guys who club sleeping seals, waited until they went on their heads, and then, during the resulting confusion, he started a methodical stomping campaign.

A single bike came through the gate, moving slower. This one was the one that was packing Melody, and she, of course, knew the terrain well. She directed her driver to a level spot off to the right of the gate. And then, before the driver

"Okay, we'll stay away, but I wish you people at the Sexual Freedom League would practice what you preach!"

could shut off his engine, she was off the bike and running toward the house, screaming for Willy. Tiny and Jere headed for this latest arrival, but the guy had already decided he didn't want any part of this. He spun a brody and split for the gate, making the next two arriving bikes swerve around him and hit the slope at angles that threw them under their machines with a sickening thud.

Three more bikes came through the gate, slower, one guy riding around the mangled machines and men, past Tiny, who belted him in the mouth as he passed, removing him from his machine, which went on down the slope. The other two, seeing the tangled wreckage, flopped their bikes and slid to a stop, one of them running out the gate while Jere stomped the other into the ground.

Melody had found Willy and was screaming at him. "Stop them, you bastard! Stop them!"

Willy just looked at her.

She glanced around frantically, and bent to grab a stick off the ground. Not a big one, but it was something to hit with. She raised her arm to swing at Willy, but he grabbed her upper arm and squeezed hard. She dropped the stick, and Willy grinned down into her face. She was close to frothing at the mouth. "You sonuvabitch, you're the cause of this!" she screamed at him. She swung at him with her free arm, but Willy just squeezed harder on the other and bent it backward, throwing her off balance. She landed on her butt at his feet, with him still gripping her arm.

He laughed down at her, but stopped laughing when he saw her small fist aimed for his crotch. He turned sideways, catching the blow on the side of his leg, and he saw her anger dissolve into tears as the shock turned her wrist. That swing must have really hurt her.

But then, as Willy knew very well, she tended to cry when snootiness or anger or phony tenderness wouldn't get her what she wanted. Crying was a sort of second line of defense—or offense—with her. She wasn't used to being refused anything she wanted.

Willy jerked her up onto her feet, growling, "Now listen, cunt, there's nothing you can do." He pointed to the Highway Losers lying around all over the ground. "Your asshole friends have had it." He squeezed her arm for emphasis. "And you'll get it too, if you don't knock it off."

She was crying uncontrollably now. Big tears glittered in the floodlights, streaming down her cheeks, as she blubbered, "All I want is my bike back. Please, Willy, give me back my bike. Please!"

Willy didn't feel like laughing now — or fighting her either. He was fighting himself, to keep from showing her his true feelings. He couldn't let her know what effect her tears and her smeared makeup and her runny nose had on him. They made her look like a woebegone little girl, and he wanted to cuddle her and soothe her and assure her that everything would be all right. Instead, he looked coldly down at her, and his voice was even colder than his look. "I don't want your fuckin' bike. All I want is the two grand you burned me for." He squeezed her arm again, to drive home his point.

She cringed against the pain, and Willy loosened his grip a little. "I-I got burned myself," she whimpered, "and—"

Willy cut her off. "Don't give me a lotta shit. All I want is my money." He took his hand off her arm and stood there waiting for her answer.

She'd stopped crying. She rubbed her arm where Willy's grip had bruised it. She studied Willy's face, with its stony expression, and she finally said, "Okay, I'll give you your goddam bread!"

Willy said only one word: "When?"

She looked around, watching as groggy Highway Losers began to stir and stumble to their feet. Those who could were pushing their bikes off the property—those bikes that were still worth pushing. Others, not capable of doing their own pushing, were being helped by Tiny and Jere.

She looked back at Willy, studying his face some more, her slender fingers toying with the big diamond ring she wore. Willy could read her mind. She was wondering whether to offer him the ring in place of the money. The ring was worth more than two grand. Willy knew. Hell, hadn't he bought her the damn thing in the first place? Should she trade the ring for the bike? Willy knew she would. The ring was worth more than the bike, too. But she was literally in love with that bike. She wouldn't give it up for any price. A ring is only a ring, but a favorite bike is irreplaceable. And there were always plenty of dudes around to buy her another ring. Hell, if she played her angles right she might even get this one back from Willy. Yes, she was thinking of a lot of angles, and Willy was reading every thought as he looked coldly down at her.

Finally she said, "I'll give you this ring for the bike."

Willy's face stayed cold, but his guts churned. His thought-reading had been right on the nose. He'd given her that ring as a token of real love, and it didn't mean a god-

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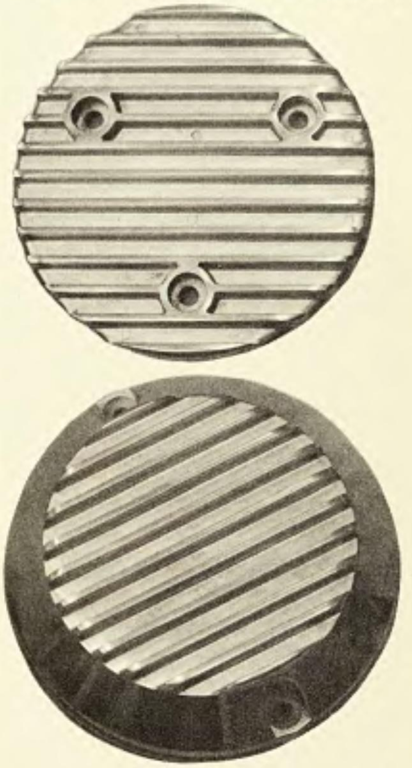

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dam thing to her. She was willing to give it up just like that. The ring he'd given her to show how much he loved her, what a big man he was, to show her he wanted her for his own—that she was the first chick he'd ever fallen in love with.

He stared at her face, looking for something there that might give him a little hope. Shit, he thought. If only she'd say she was sorry, make some effort right now to convince him they could make it together again—hell, if she gave him just a grain of hope, he'd give her the goddam bike. He didn't want the fuckin' bike; he wanted her to leave that punk she was living with. She could even keep the two grand. And the ring.

She had the ring in her hand now, holding it out to Willy. "Here," she said. "Take it, and give me my bike."

Willy gave it a last desperate try. "You sure you want to do this?" he asked. "That ring's worth a lot more than you owe me." His eyes were glued to her face, still searching for a flicker that would give him hope. "You can pay me later—the bike's safe here—I'll even keep it inside."

Something in his face had tipped her to the fact that she had him, and Willy knew it instantly. He felt as sick as a rabid dog. Now she'd stick the knife to him, and twist it sadistically.

She did. She took his right hand and dropped the ring into it.

"No, man," she said with a sneer, "I don't want your fuckin' ring. All I want is my bike back—it means more to me than you ever could."

Willy was whipped. He stared down at the ring in his hand as Melody's cutting voice went on.

"And besides," she said, putting a hand on one jutting hip, "I'll get some other dumb dude to give me a better ring in no time. There's plenty of squares around who'd buy me a ring just to get a sniff at my box." She took a deep breath and a last twist with the knife. "All I need is a stomach strong enough to stand having some *fat freaks* and other weirdos slobbering all over me. They're the ones that buy outlandish presents for a gal that treats them right."

Willy's fists closed, and then opened again. This bitch was rotten to the core. He fought the urge to mash her face in with his hard right fist. He'd probably kill her if he hit her. He shoved his hands—and the ring—into his pockets.

She laughed, a dirty, ridiculing laugh, and Willy had to get away from her before he did something that would send him to jail—at least. He started toward the house, but stopped and turned when she shouted, "Well, fatass, where's my bike?"

Willy pointed. "Down there in the brush, just short of the cliff."

He started toward the house again, with her trailing along behind. "You know, Willy," she said, "you really are a sorry ass." Then, after a pause, she asked, "By the way, are you going to help me get the bike up here, or am I going to fly it?"

Before Willy could tell her to get her Highway Loser friends to help her, the earth under their feet shook and the air was filled with a dull roaring sound.

Instant pandemonium resulted. Tiny and Jere left off holding their hands under the cold water tap at the side of the house to keep the swelling down. Tiny had been puckered all the time he'd been there anyway, and without the slightest hesitation he was off and running for the panel. He jumped in, burned the tires in reverse, brodied around, and shot for the road. Jere ran to the gate and looked helplessly after the disappearing panel.

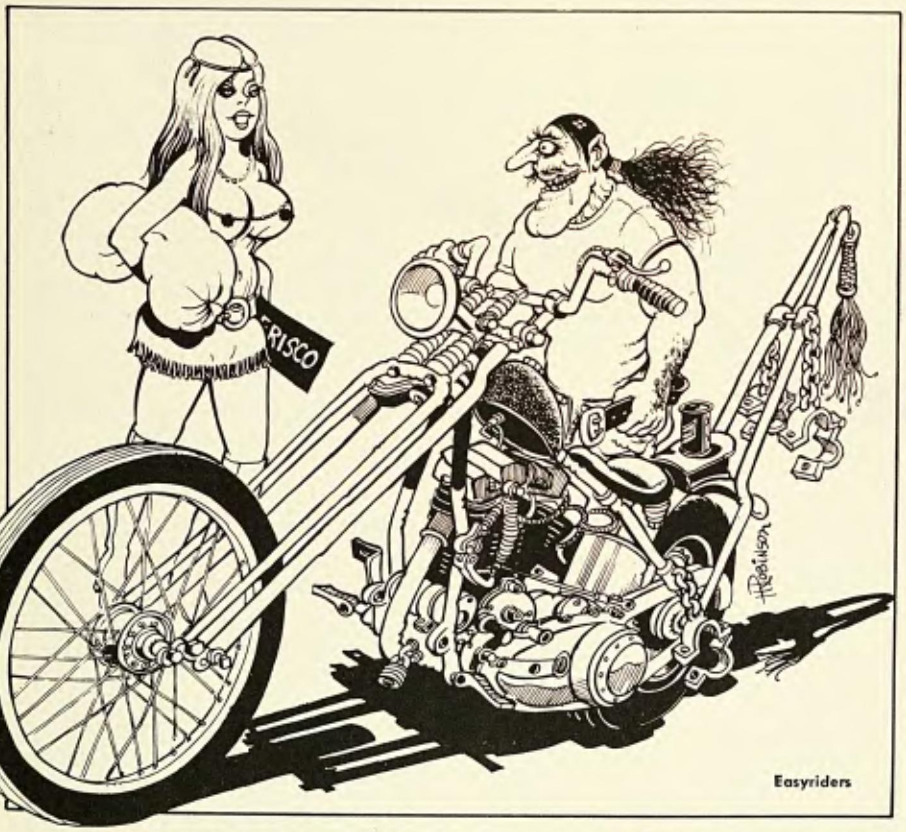
Melody screeched like a banshee and looked around wildly for a safe place to hide.

From inside the house there came the sound of pounding feet and loud screams of pure fright.

And Willy stood there laughing like a maniac. He knew what it was. He'd been through it before. Not as strong as this, but strong enough. One hell of a lot of real estate must have gone down into the ocean this time. But Jesus, all this panic—it was like a Keystone Cops comedy. He looked over at Melody, and doubled up with laughter. She was staring toward the cliff with a stupefied look on her face. Christ, it was hilarious. One minute she's got a cocky, downright shitty attitude, and the next minute she's scared out of her stupid fuckin' mind. Willy's laughter rose to a howl, especially when Melody turned toward him with her mouth working but not a sound coming out of it. Willy really cracked up.

Finally he realized that she was yelling something at him, and her voice was filled with complete desperation. He got his laughter under some sort of control and walked over to stand beside her. His eyes followed her shaky, pointing finger. "My bike!" she shrieked, hurting his eardrums. "My bike's gone!" It sure as hell was. Willy felt another laughing attack coming on. Not only her bike, but the whole area in front of the house was gone with it, leaving a lot of the front part of the building hanging in thin air. Nobody would be living in that house tonight, or any other night. Willy looked at Melody's stricken face, and doubled up with laughter that made his whole gut ache. Between gasps, he advised her, "Well, don't just stand there. Get your Loser friends and start diggin'!"

She started to cry again. Willy



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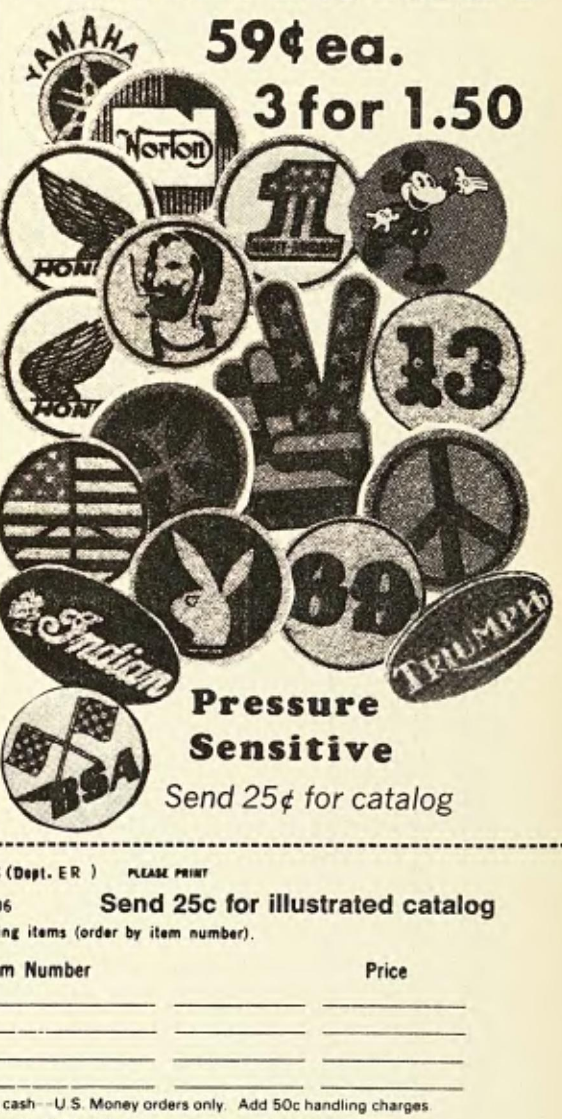

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turned and staggered toward the gate, bending and holding his belly, whooping with laughter. As he came opposite the back of the house, he cracked up some more. A mass of humanity was spilling out the back windows of the house, in all possible states of dress and undress. There wasn't a gentleman in the crowd. Guys were slamming chicks in all directions, so they could get out themselves.

When he finally got to the gate, Willy was still laughing like an idiot being tickled with a feather. A heavy hand slapped him on the shoulder. "Jesus Christ, Willy," Reno's voice said, "your house is goin' over the cliff—and you laugh. You off your gourd?"

"Whatta ya say, Reno," Willy gasped, tears streaming down his face. "You can believe it—hoo-haw-haw-haw—her chopper went over the side too—oh Christ, what a crackup—but *after* she gave me a diamond ring for it!" He sat down on the ground and laughed his damfool head off, while Reno stared at him in amazement.

Creepy came jogging up and leaned down to shake hell out of Willy until the laughter died away to an attack of hiccups. "Willy, I moved your car out onto the road. The whole front half of the house is hangin' over the cliff. Shall I try to get anything out of it?"

Willy climbed to his feet with an effort. "No, Creep. The good stuff is stashed outside, and the fish are goin' ape right now. They probably wrecked everything in there tryin' to get out. There's nothin' in there worth takin' a chance for, especially —oops, there she goes!"

And there she went, all right. The earth shook, the house broke in two with a ripping, crackling sound, windows shattered, and the whole schmear went down. The floodlights went out suddenly, leaving only headlights to illuminate the scene. It was like something out of a horror movie.

Melody ran out the gate, screaming, and took off down the road, obviously with no idea of where she was headed. Willy cracked up again.

Out on the road, Tiny, who'd met Reno and Little John with the Booze Fighters roaring to the rescue and had been coaxed into coming back with them, leaned on the horn button of the van. "Come on, you crazy bastards. This road's gonna go any minute, and you're gonna go with it. Not me. I'm gettin' the fuck outta here!"

Willy recovered enough to reach into his pocket and pull out a huge wad of bills. Peeling off four centuries, he handed them to Reno. "Tiny's right. We better get outta here." Reno was looking at the bills in his hand. Four? But Willy'd only

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promised them two. Willy hastened to reassure him. "It's okay, man. I got more than my money back. It was worth it. Man was it worth it!"

Reno shoved the bills in his pocket. "Thanks, man. We can always use. I'll dig you later."

He walked out to the panel, where Tiny was nervously gunning the engine. He took out the bills and waved them under Tiny's nose. "Willy gave us a bill apiece."

"Yeah, but I told the Fighters that came out with you we'd take care of them for their trouble when we got back to the Joint."

"Okay, fine. That still leaves us with a good chunk for a night's work."

Tiny grinned. "A night's work? Man, those punks had the hardest heads I've ever run into. My knuckles'll be swelled up for a month."

Reno grinned back. "Shit, Tiny, you're just outta shape."

Tiny gave him the finger as Reno turned to hand Little John one of the bills. "You little turd, you didn't have to do a thing this time—how about gettin' a case or two of beer for the Fighters outta your end?"

Little John stared goggle-eyed at the easy bill he hadn't had to earn. "Sure, man, no sweat."

Tiny grumbled, "No sweat for you. Jere and I did the sweatin'. We did all the work—we carried both you guys this time around."

The chick Reno'd had earlier came walking out the gate and started hoofing it down the road. Reno eyeballed her, and then turned to Tiny. "Tell you what. Would you consider it even if I got you laid?"

"Depends on what you got me laid with."

Jere had come up behind Reno, and now he piped up. "Hey, what about me?"

"I'll get you both laid. Wait here a minute." Reno took off after the chick who was ambling down the road. He stopped her and began talking persuasively. She gave another of her who-gives-a-shit shrugs, and Reno led her back to the van. He put her in with Tiny and Jere, and then leaned in the open window. "Take her to my pad after you're through," he told Tiny. "I'll pack into town with Little John. And remember, don't violate any pure food laws with that table stuff."

He stood back and watched the van roar away under the urging of Tiny's eager foot. Reno sighed. Well, Tiny and Jere'd both learn not to judge the quality of a chick by the quantity of her visible assets. But then he brightened. After he'd had the chick with him for a few days—or maybe weeks—she just might come back to life and live up to her physical advertising. He started anticipating. . . . ■

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I have a '50 panhead with a super comfortable seat, but no chick to ride with. Any chick who would like to ride with businessman-type biker in Southern California, please contact me. Box 40, c/o *Easyriders* P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

I am 28, and built like a brick shithouse, and would like to meet chick biker in Denver area that is built the same. Jerry, Box 41, c/o *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740.

Okay chicks, here I am, have at me. You'll never be the same after jammin' with me. I have a black and chrome Sportster that's hot to trot. Write Frenchy, Box 42, c/o *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Chicano cat digs fat women. Have fat bob and looking for fat chick to make long weekend runs with me. I'll travel 400 mile radius from San Francisco for right chick. Send photo, and I'll do the same. Auggie, Box 43, c/o *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

DOING HARD TIME—want to hear from bitchin' chicks who dig bikes and high times. Frank Stone 81239, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

WANTED

Leather gloves similar to ones worn by Sonny Barger and Terry on the "Hell's Angels '69" album. R. Weiss 7868 Anita Dr., Phila. Pa. 19111

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS—*Easyriders* are always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers. Write on your letterhead for rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, *Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740*

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS—Read a couple of issues of *Easyriders* thoroughly, and decide if you can (or barf, willing), to write in *Easyriders'*. We want fiction pieces, short stories, poems, short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first, don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

OL' LADY WANTED

I'm still looking for an ol' lady who's all together, likes to ball, ride bikes and party. No big mouths or hang up types. Send photo and letter to Chico, Box 31, c/o *Easyriders* P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740.

OBSOLETE PARTS WANTED

Need a rod and bearing for a 1964 Matchless 650cc CSR. R. Klein 5963 N. 62nd Street, Milw. Wis. 53218

Need rod assembly or parts to rebuild mine, for a H-D 29JC-10558. Also need set of oversized pistons. Need engine and trans. for a 1917 Indian. E. Koch 315 Girault Ave., Alamosa, Colo. 81101.

SITUATION WANTED

Auto mechanic would like to work in a California chopper shop or related work. Jeff Martin 15917 S.E. 1st St. Bellevue, Wash. 98008.

Bike photographer. Want full time position. Marvin Kelly, 125 Styvesant Dr., San Anselmo, Calif. 94960.

OBSOLETE PARTS FOR SALE

Most obsolete parts are available at D&D Distributors, 800 (Z) South San Fernando Rd., Burbank, California 91502. Write for information, or send $2.00 for 96 page catalog. $2.00 is refundable with first $10.00 purchase.

PARTS WANTED

'48 45 H-D gear box complete, or gear set, also clutch. Any 45 solo parts. Jerry 6515 Muritta, Van Nuys, Ca. 91407

Rear alloy head for HD 80" flathead. Also need oil pump for same. Call collect (801) 943-1739

CHOPPERS WANTED

Want to buy either a panhead or knuckle chopper. Don Samson H&HS MCAS(H) FPO Seattle, Wash. 98772

CHEAP AD RATES—an ad on this page only costs you 20¢ per word if you're a private individual. Businesses have to pay only 40¢ a word. Damned cheap—especially when you consider your ad will be read by people all over the world. Read top of first column for specific info.

1

2

3

Collector's Items

We have a small supply of the first three issues of **Easyriders** available for sale. Those of you who want a complete set of this unreal rag should send for them immediately, for the supply (honest-to-God) is really limited.

Send $1.00 for each copy, to Stash Keeper,

Easyriders Magazine

819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502

"Must you *always* stop so damn *suddenly*?"

Pullback Handlebars

Limited offer, while they last!

Come in extra lengths in every direction so you can modify width and length. **$9.95 a pair**

For use only with handlebar clamp shown - Sportsters - 74s

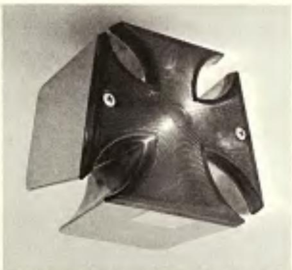
Available for first time in 10 years!

2.75 x 21 Avon Speedmaster Mark II tires. **$24.95**
tube 4.85

160mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.

Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **$29.95**



Maltese Cross Taillight

The final touch to your bitchin' chopper. The hip-looking **Maltese Cross taillight.** *Note new low price!* **$9.95**

Steel 5" Fender

Sport fender for custom or chopped bikes
Black steel, rib in center, rolled edges, flared end **$7.95**

45 drag type, header pipes

Hip-looking (drag type) header pipes for your 45 **$18.95 set**

Shortie muffler and clamps, add $15.00

Peanut Tanks

Peanut tank. Steel, and comes in glossy black finish. Tapped at four locations. **$23.95**
Gas cap 2.50

Banana Tanks

Banana tanks are made of steel and come with a glossy black finish. **$24.95**
Gas caps 2.50

Chopper Gas Tanks

Tired of spending $150 for a paint job and having your gas tank spring a leak? Here's a heavy-duty 18-gauge steel tank that should ease your mind a little. Made in the good old U.S.A.—heliarc welded.

2½ gallon capacity. Gas outlets located to accommodate all bikes and get the last drop out.

Only right hand hole is functional—the left is a dummy. Tanks come without caps.

Single-cap tank	**$49.95**
Gas cap	2.50
Double-cap tank	**54.95**
Gas caps (each)	2.50
Caps	$2.50 each
Petcocks	3.50 each
Plugs	.75 each

Model	Fits	Price
TRS6	Triumph 650, 64-70	69.50
SRS1	HD Sportster & K to 66	69.50
SRS2	HD Sportster, 67 and up	69.50
HRS7	HD Swingarm 74	74.50

Yetman Hardtails

Yetman *rigid frame sections are handbuilt in precision jigs using Shelby seamless steel tubing, and heliarc welded with stainless steel rod. Every tube is beautifully set into the mounting plates to produce a molded effect and to greatly increase weld area for maximum strength.*

Each hardtail uses stock chain adjusters and axle hardware, and may be bolted or welded in place without modifying the frame.

The Yetman frame extends wheel base by 3 inches, and lowers it by approximately 2 inches.

Molded Sportster Gas Tanks

Plain top, Side pattern recessed ½" **$59.95**

Maltese Cross (Pattern raised ⅛") **$59.95**

Zig-Zag (Pattern raised ⅓") **$59.95**

Sculpture (Pattern raised ½")

Molded fiberglas Sportster gas tanks.

Tanks available with flat bottom, small tunnel, or deep tunnel. Primered, ready to paint. Tanks include Sportster-type vented gas caps.

Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D.

Send money order. Personal checks must clear before we ship. Allow four weeks.

California residents add 5%.

We will ship cheapest way possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

Strength and Beauty

The ultimate combination— strong billet steel construction, combined with beautiful design.

D&D Springers have special springs for a good ride. Rockers are forged steel, with heat-treated, centerless ground rocker studs, plus bushings and grease fittings. **D&D Springers** also have a spring ball joint to prevent spring rod wear.

D&D Springers come to you completely assembled, with no extra charge for twist, round, or hex, front rails. Extra lengths are available in two-inch increments over stock springer, from 6″ to 20″ —and at no extra cost.

All parts are polished before assembly, thus inside surfaces are as shiny as outside.

Quality controlled construction methods assures you a perfect fit on any bike.* Easy to install, and no adaptors are required.

Your springer is only as safe as its construction. Order yours from the firm with the reputation for producing safe, quality, chopper parts for over ten years. Don't take our word for it—ask another chopper owner.

$200 Completely assembled
$75 for triple-chrome plating

*Specify Sportster, 74, 45, BSA, Triumph frame. 74 forks are set up on Glide bearings. Forks available for all makes of bikes other than those mentioned, how-ever, on other makes, you must send races, neck, bearings, and an accurate measurement of frame neck length.

Honda 750-500-305-450-350 now available. No extra charge and no need to send fork neck, etc.

Starlet Angela Capre and wrestler, Rick Drasin, are on a 20-inch D&D Springer.

If you own a chopper, or plan to build one— you **must** have this huge catalog containing thousands of new and obsolete chopper parts. (Everything you need to build one.)

96 pages of parts, services, full color photos of choppers, ideas, technical charts, and how-to-do-it articles. Costs only $2.00 (which is refundable with your first purchase of $10.00 or more). Send for your copy today to

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